

CRAZY

SUPER SPECIAL



©

02904

1980

JULY

N° 64

\$1.25



**SPECIAL
BONUS!**

**COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE:
EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO PLAY**

MALL-OPOLY

THE GAME OF HANGING OUT IN
SHOPPING CENTERS UNTIL YOUR
BRAINS TURN TO
RUNNY CREAM
CHEESE FROM
SHEER BOREDOM.
(SOME ASSEMBLY AND
COLORING REQUIRED)

YOU GET:

- A FULL COLOR GAME BOARD
- WHEEL OF KARMA AND WELTSCHMERZ
- MALL-OPOLY MONEY
- DESPERATION CARDS
- FUTILITY CARDS
- BOREDOM CARDS
- ENMU CARDS
- CUT-OUT MARKERS
- ILLUSTRATED DIRECTIONS AND RULES



PLUS: SELECTED VINTAGE HILARITY FROM PAST ISSUES

LE CAFE EXPENSIVE

(Too imprudently to proceed...)

CLICKER'S PHOTO SUPPLY

(Semi-heavy hang-out; lose one turn)

HIS PANTS

Men's clothing store

McRONALD'S

(Spend one dollar; lose one turn)

JOE'S BARBER SHOP

"Shop at Joe's; he always knows."

DISTORTION CENTER

Stared Shop

(Heavy hang-out; lose two turns)

SICKENINGS and SWEET

Candy Store

(Spend one dollar; lose one turn)

SCRRAWL MARK

Card Shop

Pick a Card

ENNUI

CHEESY STUFF

Discount Store

(Spend two dollars)

JOE'S DRUG STORE

"Shop at Joe's; he always knows."

FUTILITY

LEO'S TOY STORE

Warren Pease, prop

(Lose one turn)

FOUR-EYED FREDDY

Optometrist

STORE FOR RENT

(Heavy hang-out; lose three turns)

SCRAWL MARK

Card Shop

Pick a Card

ALADDIN THE HAND

made carpet store

(Lose one dollar)

JOE'S LAUNDROMAT

"Wash at Joe's; he always knows."

(Hang out for 3 turns)

ENTRANCE

STAN LEE presents

CRAZY SUPER SPECIAL

Vol. 1 No. 64
July 1980

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OBNOXIO THE CLOWN *complaints*

JIM SHOOTER *editor-in-chief of extremely tall things*

ARTISTS AND WRITERS THIS ISSUE:

an unusually obstreperous bunch of berserker buffoons

In This Issue:

THE EMPIRE STRIKES OUT
Star Warts (A CRAZY Movie Parody)..... 4

MOOSE HISTORY
Part 4..... 12
Part 5..... 38
Part 6..... 53

PHI BETA CAPERS
College Bulletins Of The Future..... 16

BOOB TUBE BLUES
T.V. Misguide..... 19

HOLY LUBE JOB!
Hot Rods Of The Gods..... 27

ROCK YOCKS
Rock 'N' Rolling Stone..... 33

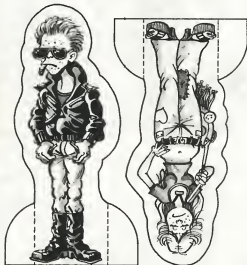
THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM
Getting Around The Big City..... 42

SCHOOL RULES FOR FOOLS
How To Survive Your Education..... 45

MAKE ROOM FOR SNYDER
One Daze At A Time
(A CRAZY T.V. Parody)..... 57

MEAN TEEN 'ZINE
Street Gang Illustrated..... 61

MALL-OPOLY
The Game Of Hanging Out In Shopping
Malls Until Your Brains Turn To Runny
Cream Cheese From Sheer Boredom
..... 67



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Take a whole bunch of mediocre actors, mix well with a hackneyed story-line, add a couple of hundred gaudy special effects, sprinkle liberally with robots, aliens and assorted spacecraft, and what do you get??

No...not old Star Trek reruns, dumbol

Swallow that and you'll get...

Is that so? Good thing I understand robot talk! Trouble is, I don't understand who's going on in the rest of the movie! The way they started it in the middle of the story is enough to confuse anybody! What is going on?

So that's it! Now I get it! This is the space-ship of one of the good guys who was on his way to the Rebel forces to deliver certain totes, the contents of which could be used to destroy the bad guys! Is that what you're saying?

Hmmm, I suspected that... but this is the first time I've heard all the details! You know, it's a pleasure listening to you...you do have a way of clarifying things!

Oh, dear me! All this shooting and killing! Tell me, ME2-YOU2...have we accidentally stumbled into New York City in the year 1977?

BURP
BLIP!
BLOOP!

ZIT!
ZIT!
POP!

GLEEP-LOOK!

by PAUL
ALAN
KUPPERBERG
7.7.77

Oh-Oh...here comes our cute and cuddly heroine, Princess LA-Dee-Da, fleeing for her life from Imperial soldiers! Just like in the old Flash Garden movies!

Listen, if you guys pass a mailbox, would you mind dropping this in for me? It's the top secret tapes! Whatever you do...don't let Lord Death Wader get his hands on them!

Why not?

His palms are always sweaty...he'll wilt them out of shape!

SUPPOSE NICH HENRIE GAVE A PARTY AND NOBODY CAME



Later...

Okay, Princess...na mare nice guy! Are you going to tell me where the secret rebel base is located? And mainly, where are the **tapes** containing that secret?

My name is Princess LA-DEE-DA... serial number 265-39...

Will you knock it off with that War movie jizz!

Since you refuse to talk, you leave me no choice but to blow up your home-planet, Alsaran!

And that's just far **openers**! If you continue this defiance, I will inflict on you the **ultimate** cruelty...I will destroy all your **Eddie Fisher** records!

BOO-HOO--- BOO-HOO!

All right already, **don't** tell me! You win! I can't stand to see a woman crying! It's my **only** weakness!

KA-NOK!

BOOM!

Mare later...

This is another fine mess yauve gatten us into, ME-2-YOU-2! Do you know how **hot** it gets inside this robot-suit in the desert?

WEE-WEE HOO-HAA TOOT!

Uh-ah...you should have thought of that **before** we left!

SNACK!

TRASH

Well, here we ore in the middle of nowhere with na relief from the sun, and na on Exxan station in sight!

ZEEP! CREEP! FLEEP!

At least nothing **else** can go wrang!

NOV! SHMOV! KAPOP!

I know, I know...me and my **big** mouth!

Hey, this escape-pod was used by mechanical robot 'droids!

How can you tell?

They left behind empty oil cans with **straws** in them! Let's find 'em and sell 'em to that Lunk Skyjerker's Uncle Ben!

Uncle Ben? What'll he do with them?

Some as always... convert 'em into **rice**!

STAMP OUT FLAMENCO DANCING!



Much later...

These are the two new 'droids I bought to work on our moisture farm, Uncle Ben! Maybe they can tell us how to grow moisture... We've been trying for years!

I know they'll do good... or my name ain't **Lunk Skyjorker** hero of this movie, chief cook and fun-loving garbage collector...

But we need someone who can work an **intergalactic plow!**

I can work an intergalactic plow!

We need someone who can speak our language... **Pookie!**

I speak **Pookie!**

We need someone who isn't **lazy**... some one who's not afraid of hard work **24 hours a day!**

I speak **Pookie!**

Most later...

So Jeep-Cher-03... you say that you and ME2-YOU2 were oboard a blue-and-orange Stor-Cruiser with a beautiful Princess who was captured by some weird interstellar space pirates? That's **really** far-fetched! I mean... who would paint a Stor-Cruiser **blue and orange**?

But assuming you're correct... why would they want the Princess?

OOOHH
AAHHH
WOO
WOO

Sir, that is the Princess!

Hoobay! No wander they'd grab her!

AHH-
COOGAA

What'd he say?

He said to stop drooling all over him... your rusting his chrome!

Help me, **OBI-WON TON Kanope... OBI-WON-TON Kanope!**

Hey! Where's he going? And who's **OBI-WON-TON Kanope!** Sounds like something I ate at the Chinese diner last night!

The Princess sent a tape with ME2-YOU2 to be delivered to somebody named **OBI-WON-TON Kanope...**

Only **he** can save the Princess! That's **incredible!** I don't know any **OBI-WON-TON Kanope...** but there's an old hermit nearby named **Ben Kanope!** Do you think it's the same man?

In this movie **anything** is possible! Turn the page already... I'm dying to find out!

SIGMUND FREUD ATTRACTS WEIRDOS!

POO-TA-ZOO-TA-VOOT!

Really
later...

Oh-Oh! Following that little dinker into the desert here has
gotten us face-to-face with one of the dreaded **sand people!**
Now he's gonno grind me up into sand myself! And me...o
guy who's hoted the beach oll my life!

Fear not, my futuristic
friend...**Ben Kenobi** is
here! I will save you
with my **special power...**

Go away...
sand
person...
br, in your
own weird
longuage...
AMSCRAY!

**YEECH
FEH!
POOFOO
GAVALT!**

Special power
being my
incredible
B.O....
body odor...
works every
time!

So You're **OBI-WON-TON**
Kenobi! Wow! I heard about
you! I even have your
bubblegum cord, that's how
famous you were! But you're
old now...you should be
collecting Intergalactic Social
Security! How can you help
the Princess fight the evil ones
and save us all?

With the
power of
the force!

The force
of good
and
righteous-
ness?

No...the force
of my
contract and
star value!
Remember...
I'm the only
nome actor
in this whole
funshlugginer
cost!

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR—BUT DON'T GET CAUGHT!

Here...take this **laser sword!** It
will help you in your battles!

Gosh! My very own **laser**
sword! I can hardly wait to
try it out...**WHOOPS!**

Heh, Heh! Sorry about that, mon!

Never mind...it's only a **flesh**
wound of the heart! Lucky
I'm on **Medicoid!**

Later
Later...

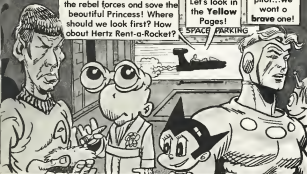
Well, here we are in town...
looking for a dishonest, yet
noble pilot to fly us off this
planet, deliver the topos to
the rebel forces and save the
beautiful Princess! Where
should we look first? How
about Hertz Rent-a-Rocket?

Too
expensive!
Let's look in
the Yellow
Pages!

SPACE PARKING

But we
don't want
a Yellow
pilot...we
want o
brave one!

Look! There are the 'droids that Lord
Deoth Woder told us to capture!



I will now use my
mysterious power to get
them to leave us alone...

...Siman Sez:
Act like a
dag! Do it!



Gosh, Obi Won-Ton Kanope...
haw'd you do that? It's
fantastic!

It's nothing, my boy...you should see what
I da with hippopotomuses!



Was it the
power of
the force?

No...the power at the
force! If you lay it
on thick, audiences
will believe anything!

UP WITH MAIN KNIGHTS!



My name's **Hank Silo**... handsome, but slightly dishonest, space pilot...owner of the **Maltese Pigeon**, the fastest spaceship in the galaxy! What can I do you for? And talk fast...I'm **double-parked!**

We'll pay you and your partner 17,000 credits to fly us off this planet and help us save the universe!

Sorry...I charge **25,000** for saving the universe!

It's a deal! But remember...I always make the same bargain: **2% for cash!**



Here we go, folks! Fasten your seatbelts and no smoking, please! The stewardess will serve you drinks in a minute! Thank you for flying **Maltese!**

Are you sure this thing is fast enough to outrun Imperial space-fighters, **Hank**?

Are you kidding, kid? I used to **drag race** on **Sunset Boulevard**!



See, kid? I've left those guys so far behind it's not funny! What do you say to that?

UPL! I think I'm gonno be sick! Where's the (ulp) **paper bag**?



REAR VIEW OF M101

Gosh, **Obi Wan-Ton!** Look at the size of that **marble!**

That's no marble, **Lunk!** That's the dreaded **Hurt Star**...the Galactic Empire's answer to the **Mafia!**

I'll bet the **Princess** is being held captive there!

You're on! I'll bet **\$2!** How about you, **Hank**...want a piece of the action?

No...but I may want a piece of the **Princess** later!

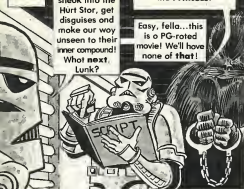


And so
later...

Okay, we
managed to
sneak into the
Hurt Stor, get
disguises and
make our way
unseen to their
inner compound!
What next,
Lunk?

Simple, Honk...we grab
the Princess!

Easy, fella...this
is a PG-rated
movie! We'll have
none of that!



Hey, there's the Princess now! But, our luck...
She's got enemy traapers surrounding her!



Follow me...I'll save us!



Er...next time I say "Follow
me", just tell me to Shut Up!



Man, talk about a real dump...this
place smells worse than Hoboken in
the summer!



Later,
else
where...

Lord Deoth Wader...my
former pupil...so you're
the man behind all this
death and destruction!

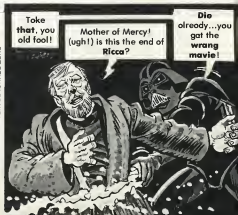
Who else? You
were expecting
maybe Charles
Manson?



Take
that, you
old fool!

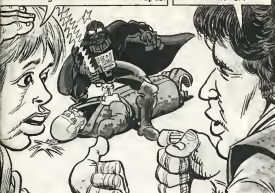
Mother of Mercy!
(ugh!) is this the end of
Ricca?

Die
already...you
gat the
wrag
movie!



Look! There's Lord Death Wader! We
an't let him get his hands on those **tapes**!

Or anything else for
that matter!



You must
give me
those
tapes! If
you don't
...my whole
empire
will be
lost to me!

No! Never...
no matter what
horrible torture
you plan to use
to get it from us!

(sigh) I
was
afraid I'd
have to
resort to
this...

OOH-OOH
FAINT!



...Lost In Space reruns!

(gasp) No...not that!

Please stop! We'll give you the tapes!



We'll do **anything** you say! Just do
force us to watch that!

URP!

GAG!

RETCH!

At last!
The tape
is once
again
mine!

Now that you've got
it...can you tell us one
thing? We've chased
across the galaxy,
risked our lives, went
through a nightmare
never before seen...so
what's it all about?
What's so important
about that **tape**?



This tape? Why, it's those
missing 18 minutes!

I'm so relieved to have it back
once again...let me make that
perfectly clear!



HISTORY OF MOOSEKIND

Part IV—The collective progress of Moosekind is exemplified in the history of Italy.

A bargain-basement expedition down the crossroads of yesteryear with Dr. Melville Moose, noted phrenologist, dermatologist, paleontologist and token member of the Cosa Moostre.

Dr. Moose is recognized as one of the world's leading authorities on Italian Peninsulas.



Writer & Artist: BOB FOSTER

Traditionally, the history of Italy starts with the twin brothers ROMELUS and REMOOS. In 753 BC, Romelus founded the city of Romelusberg. Territorial disputes split the city in half, thus creating the city of ROME and its nearby sister-city, LUSBERG. Remoos went on to write the immortal "TALES OF UNCLE REMOOS."

FONGOOLUS CAESAR united the expanding Roman Empire in 49 BC but was rubbed out in 44 BC by BRUTUS "PRETTY BOY" MOOSE and his henchmen. The throne was left to AMOOSTUS CAESAR and his half-brother CID CAESAR. Since he was bigger, Amoostus assumed the throne while his half-brother, a noted chef, gained fame with his creation of the famous CID SALAD.

Rumblings of discontent within the empire were intensified with the teachings of a MOOSIAH, from Nazereth.

With the death of the Moosiah under the antlers of PONTIUS MOOSE, the empire entered the Moosian Era. Moosianity flourished.



THE ITALIAN PENINSULA



FONGOOLUS CAESAR



PONTIUS MOOSE



THE MOOSIAH

In 64 AD, a fire leveled most of Rome, and the emperor **NEROAST**, seeking a scapemoose, blamed the disaster on the Moosians.

At the season's opener at the Mooseleum, Neroast himself threw out the first Moosian.

In 434 AD, **ATTILA THE MOOSE** and his mongrel herds invaded Italy and the empire began to crumble.

In 476 AD, Rome, along with the rest of Europe, entered the **DARK AGES**.

Moosekind emerged from the Dark Ages in the fourteenth century, marking the birth of the **RENAISSANCE**. The Renaissance was one of the most significant periods of progress in the history of Moosekind.

After establishing trade relations with China, the adventurer **MOOSO POLO** went to Spain, where he was captured and cooked. This was the origin of the Spanish dish, **ARROZ CON POLO**.

Explorers took to the sea under the leadership of **CHRISTOPHER COLUMBMOOS** and **VASCO DA GAMOOS**.



ABOVE: The Mooseleum in Rome.



LEFT: Rome during the Dark Ages.

BELOW: Emperor Neroast throws a Moosian to the wolves.



MOOSO POLO



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBMOOS



VASCO DA GAMOOS

The art world was overwhelmed by the efforts of the prolific **MOOSELANGELO**. Both a sculptor and a painter, one of his greatest achievements was the painting of the **CISTERN CHAPEL**.

Another renaissance giant was **LEONARDO DA MOOSE** who, besides being an artist, was also a scientist and inventor.

RIGHT: The Moosa Lisa by Leonardo Da Moose.



BELOW: Da Moose's drawing for a flying machine.



ABOVE: Detail of two sections of the ceiling of the Cistern Chapel.



RIGHT: The statue of David by Mooselangelo, the greatest chiseler of them all.



"THE LAST CRAZE" BY LEONARDO DA MOOSE

As the leadership of the world passed into other hands, Rome stepped from the spotlight. After World War II and the end of the dictatorship of **BENIDO MOOSELINI**, Italy began to grow as a world center for film production. Her film industry gave us such esteemed directors as Vittorio De Moosa, Mooselangelo Antleroni, Federico Femmoosini, Jack Schwartz, and currently Bernardo Bertomooocci.

And the audiences have swooned over such stars as Gluietta Moosina, Marcello Moostroioni, Clint Eastmoose, and the current star of "Last Stampede in Venice," Marlon Mooso.



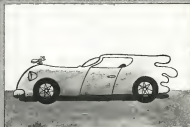
The late dictator Benido Mooselini.

Last Stampede in Venice

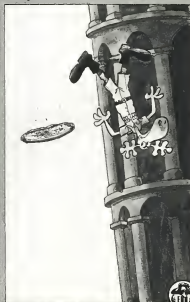


Dr. Melville Moose visits the leaning Tower of Pizza, a local fast-service food joint. Taking his Pepperoni pizza to the observation deck, Dr. Moose conducted an experiment to prove that two objects fall at the same speed, regardless of mass.

Since the Pepperoni was flat to begin with, it was a lot easier to scrape off the sidewalk.



Automotive craftsmanship and styling is unsurpassed in Italian cars. A prime example is this 1974 Mooseratti.



Each year thousands of High School graduates move on to college, and each year the many universities send College Bulletin. And we call it...

COLLEGE BULLETINS

Welcome, students, to the pock-marked campus of the Idawa University of Demise, named after Idawa, the Arctician god of cutlery, and located in the town of Demise on the border of Idaho and Iowa. We hope your fourteen years here will be enlightening, rewarding, satisfying, profitable, productive, fulfilling, and green. We hope you will all achieve the magnificent ideal of human growth potential spoken of by our founder, Adam Idawa, when he said: "Taller than tree is bigger than bridge." Aren't you?



Chancellor Fubshudget has asked me to make the following comments.



Firstly, you are the first freshmen since the Great Virus War to show a definite downward trend in Genetic Deterioration Factor Test Scores. This means that, unlike your severed parents, you will most likely not suffer total brain tissue spoilage by age thirty-five. We are encouraged.



Secondly, and this comes not as a warning but as a reminder... since IUD is a licensed practical University operating under State Land Grant Axiom Charter 1133, we, the Administration, are legally empowered to kill any student who disobeys any of our rules. This policy will be rigidly enforced. What's more, we reserve the right to disfigure the body of any student accused of conspiracy to break the rules. So, please, exercise caution.

OF THE FUTURE

Iowa University
Of Demise
Orientation
Address: 2007

.. Writer: STEVE GERBER

Art: TIM KIRK

So much for deformalities. Now, I'd like to discuss with you our campus, its faculty and steff, its student body, and some of the rules you must obey to keep University life wholesale and tangy.



Our 218-acre fully-irrigated campus is known throughout the nation for the potatoes which grow under its ample mall space. The annual sale of this crop helps us keep up with the rising cost of your education, so we ask that you respect your potatoes.

Feel free to use the mall areas for study, leisure, and, of course, for your monthly self-depreciation ritual, but stay between the furrows, please.

Every building on the IUD campus has been built to meet the specifications of the National Council on Mid-Channeling. Every classroom is fully equipped with the latest techno-educational hardware, including para-projectors, iridescent warp lemps to prevent your thoughts from wandering, and pliers.

Our faculty is noted for its brilliance but do not let this dissuade you from asking questions. We are here to serve you. Your teacher will be happy to expose itself to complete scrutiny if your research so requires.



Your course work this first semester will cover our entire basic liberal arts curriculum, including psychmotley, yggdrasil bending, urwine tasting, electro-trigonomesis, and Mayan literature and film criticism. You will also undergo sensitivity training, in which your corporal parts will be subjected to an electric crowd prod.

I have not the time to talk in depth about our depth rules. When you get to your dormitory rooms, each of you will find there a copy of our official student handbook, the IUD Job. Study it carefully.

I do, however, wish to stress our dress code: Men and women wishing to go barefoot must polish their toenails with official University Pink High-Gloss Toe-Coat. This polish must also be worn on the elbows, unless it is raining. No orange underwear will be allowed. No blue denim will be allowed anywhere on the body; you may chew a piece if you feel the need. Hair length is forbidden. Ripped or worn clothing is permissible only below the knees. And remember, any infraction of these rules is punishable by death.

As far as student rites are concerned, you will each be required to perform a monthly public sexual self-depreciation ritual. At this time, the handmaiden assigned to you will break one of your bones. You will use this broken bone in a provocative manner on the student of your choice.



You'll find our student body exceptionally willing, we hope. And we've taken every precaution to see that it stays that way. Female students will be fitted with pristine monitors, so that no one can attack you without first obtaining administration approval. All your responses will be recorded on the climaxi-tron data bank in the Central Computer Facility for later use.

All students, male and female, will be monitored twenty-three hours per day. The free zone is yours for showering or bathing.



Any male student caught with his rites down for any reason, including illness, is subject to injection with Caligula's Disease microbes and may be forced to eat of his privately. Female students caught doing same may be impeled for one hour on the punishment totem in the main quadrangle.

I hope this answers most of your questions about the Idawa University of Demise. If not, please refrain from asking any, because making threatening paragraphs in my presence is punishable by port swabbing of the ears. Thank you.

Enjoy your boots!



CRAZY RIP OFF SECTION In order to mix heads or tails out of the following mind-boggling mess, you gotta do some work there, Pilgrims. First remove the entire 8 page TV MISGUIDE section. Got that? Now then, cut along the dotted line. No, not across Rock Rock's chest, you dummy! Fine, now fold right in the center, and there you have it. Of course, if you don't do everything just as we told you, you'll probably be able to read the whole farshluginer mess anyway, but, what the hey, right?

PARLORMOUND SMOKERS WOULD RATHER DIE THAN SWITCH

Fine rich tobacco which gives you that special goose feeling, making you turn over once again that if death is your thing, then smoking should be your thing, too.

Yes, Parlormound smokers would rather die than switch... and then keep coming back for more.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous

EYEWITNESS NEWS GOES NUDE



Dec. 52-Mar. 201
MCG

The Brand New
New Jerry Van Dyke
Show page 400



Rock Rock And
Chastity Schwartz
Of "The Little Woman"
page 37



Chastity Begins At Home...

The diminutive star of "The Little Woman" grants an interview—at short last.

by Neil Hiccup

Most people refuse to believe their eyes, but it is true: Chastity Schwartz, star of NBC's "The Little Woman" is only six inches tall. Most who watch the prime time telecast believe her height is due to special effects. Rather, it was due to a long extensive search by Producer Kahill Dwart, who also created the show.

"We searched the world over for almost seven months, looking for the proper star, and we think we found her in Chastity. There were more than 200,000 applicants, ranging in height from 2.7 inches to three and a half feet, but Chastity just had them all beat. There is something about the all-American way she looks, that... that Barbi-doll appearance of hers that makes American men want to keep her in their breast pocket."

I searched Chastity out at her San Bernadino home, a palatial 40 room mansion that rises about two feet high; she needs little more than this. I thought it was particularly cute when she pointed out where the word "Mat-

tel" was painted over on the side of her house.

I asked her about her house, about the beautiful furniture she has, and she spoke to me.

"What's that? I can't hear you, Ms. Schwartz. Speak up, will you? Did you say something? Huh? Louder. I can't make out what you're saying."

About this time her agent, Tiny Tim, came by, and set up the special microphones they use to speak with her.

"I buy all my furniture and equipment from toy stores," Chastity explains. "I simply go through the doll houses, buying all the extras that they now have available. And, fortunately, I just happen to be the same exact size as Barbi's friend. Kim, so clothes are no problem."

"My friends? Well, obviously there are some problems. I do have friends, you understand, all under one foot tall, they live out at the Midget farm in Pasadena. You may have heard, some were destroyed by a flood out there last year. Anyway, we tend to go places together, except that we don't go to dances anymore. Not since Eddie, that's my brother, not since he was trampled on a few years back by a normal sized person during a frugging contest."

"Food's a cinch. We buy one olive, and it lasts us for weeks. A Fig Newton or a Twinkie is enough for a special party. We also save on milk, buying a week's worth of milk at the school cafeteria. So, shortness is really not much of a problem."

I asked Chastity about her parents. Were they normal sized?

"Sure. In fact, my father was a basketball player, and my mother, a Las Vegas Chorus Girl. I don't know what happened to me. But I think my parents first had an inclination to my future size when I weighed two ounces at birth."

Were there any major problems in being so small, I questioned Chastity.

"None other than crossing the street during rush hour." ☹

And Then I Played "DAUGHTER OF THE MONGOOSE MAN"



by
Ralph Shoehornstein

Every other actress thought the role was stupid. So naturally they turned to Ursula.

Hollywood has always loved a fool, so it's no surprise that everyone loves Ursula Boraso, star of the CBS miniseries, *Gidget Becomes A Nun*.

Ursula, a ravaged 24 year old red-head from Gary, Indiana, a graduate from the Colonel Chicken School for the Terminally Tall, is one of the biggest fools in downtown Burbank, a fact which even she is aware of. "It's not that I try to be dumb, you understand, it's just that my IQ is roughly that of a set of monkey bars, and I never really do anything that isn't somehow screwed up."

Producer Ivan Crowbar agrees. "Ursula's a jinx. Take the time she lost her compact in 'Old Faithful' during the filming of 'Bob & Carol & Ted & Smokey.' The company had to wait

(Continued) →



(Continued from page 3)

86 minutes until it came up again. Director Terrence Tunatish who worked with Ursula on "I Was The Daughter Of The Mongoose Man" has another story of Ursula's supreme stupidity.

"We were filming the Biblical spectacular, 'God—His Own Story,' based on an interview granted to Billy Graham which appeared in Reader's Digest. Well, Ursula was playing Mrs. God to Ken Berry's God. There was this scene which featured the flood, and we hired two hundred million extras for it. The action began and we opened up the Pacific Ocean, which we had held back. The idea was that God was angry at mankind because Adam wouldn't tell him who put those eight great tomatoes in that itty bitty can, and so God was going to flood the Earth for 10 days and 10 nights. Ursula was supposed to plead for mankind, only to incur God's wrath even more and forcing him to flood the world for 40 days and 40 nights for spite. The scene was crucial now. The flood was beginning. In fact, it was getting out of hand. A runaway tide actually destroyed half of Pasadena before we held it in check. The extras were supposed to get in this giant helicopter just in time to be whisked away from the flood area

when Ursula fell from the styrofoam cloud she was supposed to be watching the action from. The copter blades broke, and the extras were killed. I tell you, it was no fun writing two hundred million sympathy cards to their husbands and wives. So that's the kind of klutz old lovable Ursula is."

And so it goes. During the making of "The Coney Island Monster," Ursula accidentally sunk Coney Island. While filming "White House Hullahaloo" she somehow erased nine hours of Watergate tapes and so replaced it with a Wayne Newton record and two songs by the Tijuana Brass.

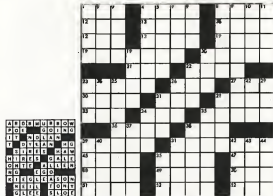
Ursula, born the only daughter of Pepe Rabinowitz and Fenny Washbaum, the famous chorus girl in those Busby Blumpkin musicals during the thirties, grew up in an incubator until she was eleven. Majoring in Cheerleading, she came to the attention of Otto Primadonna, the famous German director, because of her excellent impersonations of a tuna fish. He immediately cast her in a Jacques Cousteau special on ABC where she was speared by the famous Oceanographer, and she spent the summer of '72 in the hospital. A team of Doctors labored over her for twelve months trying to remove a seventeen foot whaling harpoon from her left pinky.

In March of '73, Ursula married Rodney Rodney, the game show host, whom she promptly divorced after learning he was fooling around with whatever was behind curtain 3.

Ursula came to Hollywood in late '73 and she immediately was hired for the title role in "Day Of The Dolphin" where she played the day. She also played the staircase in "The Exorcist" and the island of Trinidad in "Pspillion."

"I keep trying," she says, "hoping that all the work I do will make up for the wanton damage I create." We can only wish her the very best, and stay far out of her way. ☺

Television Crossword



across

- 1 A four letter word best describing "Me And The Chimp"
- 2 Lorne ...
- 3 ... Cerradine
- 4 Cannon star, William
- 5 A large greek vase found in 31 BC
- 6 The Roman word meaning "To Live With Hate Means To Find A Needle Up Your Nose"
- 7 The exact distance from here to Los Angeles
- 8 The theme song to Cannon
- 9 Explain why E=MC2
- 10 Kojak star ...
- 11 The inventor of Dental Floss
- 12 The twelfth scale of the Karyeson Star System
- 13 The half life of U-235
- 14 The star of The Girl With Something Extra, Sally ...
- 15 Why?

down

- 1 If Jack left California at three o'clock and headed east. And if Frank left New York at 1:30 and headed west, how far would they have to go to cross each other in Gary, Indiana
- 2 The Pythagorean Theorem. Explain.
- 3 Dick Van ...
- 4 Star of the Ed Sullivan show
- 5 The exact weight of the Atlantic Ocean in Milligrams
- 6 How many toolbits took a flute?
- 7 My ... the car
- 8 These causes for World War 1
- 9 The Egyptian Sun God.
- 10 ... blind mice
- 11 Give the cause and effect of the dark ages on modern religion.
- 12 Medical Center star Chad
- 13 A different four letter word best describing Me And The Chimp
- 14 John ...
- 15 Star of the French Version of Password.

8:00 **DIRTY SILLY**

Silly tries to bite Cyrus but only manages to gum him to death. Also, the townspeople try to dissect Silly. Silly: Jeanette Noland.

9:30 **SANFORD AND SONNY**

Fred has a new scheme to raise money: Sell Lamont into slavery. Fred: Redd Wolf. Lamont: Demond Willmet. Ringo Starr: George Harrison.

10:30 **BRADY BUNCHES**

It's time to clean the dishes, and the kids decide to help out Mom and Dad, so they break them all on the floor, therefore taking the chore of cleaning dishes away forever.

3:30 **MOVIE**

"The Law And Mr. Lincoln" a fine drama dealing with Abraham Lincoln's fight for survival during the War of 1812, his rise to the position of President of IT&T, and the fine job he's been doing as program director for Channel 2's movie division.

Cast

Abraham Lincoln ... Julie Andrews

MONSTER SPONSOR,

It came, again, again, again, again, and again. And still it continued to come, duplicating its horror over the world. First there was the flashing light, then the hand which seemed to never end.

A creature feature of the most horrible proportions ever... showing your way 7:30 on 8.

Mary Todd Lincoln ... Mick Jagger
Ford ... Tennessee Ernie Dodge

9:30 **LOTS A GRIEF**

Stan decides to open a comic book company, but his job at the store and found won't give him the time. Stan: Jack Plugman. Felix: Tony Rundle. Pigeon Sister: The Dion Quintuplets.

10:30 **THE WEIRD COUPLE**

Oscar decides it's time to clean up his room, only he can't find his room through all the debris. Felix marries both the Pigeon Sisters. Oscar: Jack Plugman. Felix: Tony Rundle. Pigeon Sister: The Dion Quintuplets.

9:00 **THE GIRL WITH NOTHING**10:30 **EXTRA**

Sally learns that she can no longer read minds. However, she can read can labels. John divorces her and names Barbara Eden for a new TV show to begin next week. Sally: Sally John: John Viewer. Sick.

ROOM 222

Pete teaches the facts of life to Bernie, and Bernie's father punches Pete in the lip. Principal Kaufman decides to run the school like a real principal would: meanly.

9:30 **BRIAN TEETH**

Brian gets so sick of little kids, he decides to poison the waters around Hawaii and get rid of them all. Concluded on HOWAREYOU FIVE ZERO.

10:30 **LOVE, ARMENIAN STYLE**

Four laugh filled stories about love. "Love and the Ant Eater" features Zsa Zsa Gabor getting her toe stuck in an ant-eater's nose. "Love And The Bowling Ball" stars Charles Nelson Reilly as a baseball player who sticks his nose in a bowling ball one Friday night. "Love and the Pogo Stick" has Jackie Gleason waking up to find a pogo stick stuck in his mouth. Lastly, "Love and the Giant Blimp" features Tolle Fields being stuck in a blimp flying over Miami, Fla.

12:00 **DEAN MARTOON**

Dean pretends to be drunk so he can cop a feel on the Ding-a-ling girls. Songs

"I love me" ... Dean
"Me love" ... Dean
"Love I me" ... Dean

This Week's Movies By Judith Christmas

Saturday, NBC

Sunday, ABC

Monday, CBS

Francis The Talking Mule Throws Up The Boob Rube Story
Shuffled Among The Eggrolls

Tuesday, MMS

Wednesday, FOO

Thursday, AFLCIO

Friday, NFL

Mr. Nixon Goes To Washington
Gone With The Wind
Bathroom Of The Planet Of The Apes
Goldiggers of 37 BC

Two oldies, one newie, and seven baddies make up this weeks viewing of movies. If I were you, fellas, I'd shut down the set and hook it for a complete set of Rod McKuen poetry books for a more uplifting week.

Francis The Talking Mule Throws Up, the 1934 musical featuring Donald O'Connor as Francis the talking mule, Helen Twelvetrees as General Eisenhower, and Francis X. Bushman as the Axis countries. Maybe war buffs will dig this, but it's for few others.

The Boob Rube Story is the second oldie of the week. This one starring William Bendix as the famous baseball player **Boob Rube**. Vera Hruba Ralston plays Ebbets Field, while the top performance must go to the inimitable Clark Gable who stole the picture as Boob's favorite bat.

Bathroom of the Planet of the Apes, eleven hundredth of the series, and possibly the dumbest, right after its sequel, "Return of the Bathroom of the Planet of the Apes." Roddy McDowell stars once more as Cranius, as he and his wife, Vera, discover that the remnants of Brooklyn, New York, are actually in better condition than Brooklyn currently is. Kids will love this.

Mr. Nixon Goes To Washington, is the title of the 1969 fable starring William (Cannon) Conrad as Richard Nixon, and featuring Marthe Rey as Spiro T. Agnew. A somewhat good try, with Director Peter Pepper trying different satiric concepts, but gen-

erally it is a stupid waste of time.

Shuffled Among The Eggrolls is the last of the Bjorn Shuffled movies featuring Richard Squarebush as Shuffled, a hard, black super-dude detective. Shuffled meets with the Chinese ping-pong players for a two hour head turning adventure flick that tries your patience. The best scene in the movie is Shuffled's love scene with Fess Parker. This will probably be removed by the squamish TV censors, though.

Sophia Loren and Jerry Van Dyke are the two leads in **Gone With The Wind**, a 90 minute made for TV movie based on the old Windex commercials with the invisible glass window. A trite, boring movie whose main features consist of Jerry Colonne and Ronald Colman as the two funny window washers who get involved with the secret spy caper being pulled off by Mr. Van Dyke and Ms. Loren. Directed by Shirley Booth, this film is slow and plodding. At worst, it is a bore. At best it is a bore, too. However, since it's on opposite reruns of My Mother The Car, it is worth a look at.

Goldiggers of 37 BC is the TV movie for the week, unseen at press time, the studio publicity department says it's a laugh-filled romp through decadent Rome following the assassination of Julius Caesar several years before. Songs include, "Et tu Brute?", "Caesar Salad Au go go," and "Caesius is a Fascist!" All together, probably a bore. (B)

This Week's TV Catastrophies

EVENING

8:00 2 FALL IN THE FAMILY

Archie and Mike have another argument on gun control. Archie shoots Mike. Archie: Carroll O'Connor. Mike: Robber Reiner. Gloria: Sissy Struthers.

3 EMERGENCY, SEE
Gauge and Chevrolet are burned to death as the Holland Tunnel catches fire. Next week, **THE NEW EMERGENCY, SEE**. Gauge, Randolph Womantooth.

Guest Cast

Susan Virginia Sims
Harry Walter Cronkite
Bob Rod Serling

8:30 2 M-A-S-H-Y

Hawknose and Tripper pull another delightful prank on Frank. During an important operation, they pull his pants down. Hawknose: Ailie Aids.

3 MOVIE—Thriller

"I Was A Teen Age Teenager." Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi add chills to this tale of a nymph who runs fearfully into a convent of terror.

Cast

Sue Sue
Fred Fred
Simon Simon
Angel Angel
Boliver Boliver

9:00 2 MARY TYLER MOOSE

Mary stutters. Ted acts dumb. Rhoda is funny. Lou is grumpy.

Guest Cast

Barbara Helen Hayes
Dora Ethel Barrymore
Clyde Sir Lawrence Oliver

3 BASEBALL

The New York Mets meet The San Francisco Giants in a double-header. Willy Mays. Billy Mumy.

3 GRIEF

"Come To Me Only With All Your Knees Scabbled." A tender story of a boy and his father as they hunt through a forest doing much of nothing. Grief: Lorne Greenbacks. Mike: Ben Murky.

Guest Cast

Walter Tim Conway
Salvatore Jean Stapleton
Spock Leonard Nimoy

9:30 2 BOB NEWHEART

Bob and Emily have a divorce. Jerry is sued for malpractice. Bob: Bob Emily. Suzanne Placemat. Dr. Werner Von Braun. Sally Ann Howes.

10:30 2 CAROL BURNUP

Carol does a pratfall. Harvey does a German accent. Vicki tries to sing. Lytle stands around flexing his muscles.

Special:
10:52

BURRO MY HEART AT WOUNDED KNEE

The true story of the Burro that invaded the Alamo, based on the book by Dee Cummings. Sherry, the Burro, had somehow wandered across the Texas plains for days without water. He also somehow made it through Santa Ana's troops, into the Alamo and helped the Americans win the war they were helplessly outnumbered in.

Davy Keya Luke
Daniel The Cookie Monster
Santa Ana John Barrymore
Burro Bob Denver

TELEVISION MISGUIDE
BEGINNING SATURDAY,
DECEMBER 52, 1974

Thursday

5:00 2 THE WALNUTS

John-Boob decides he wants to be able to get away by himself to write but is constantly frustrated by his family, whom he secretly hates. John-Boob: Wretched Thomas. Eliza: Kari Komil.

3 FLOP WILSON

Flop dresses up as a girl. Flop becomes an ice-cream salesman. Flop becomes a girl-chaser. Flop becomes a flop.

Flop Tonto

3 COMA

More adventures of the only TV detective constantly in a comatose state. Coma: Tony Musician.

Guest Cast

Sue Gibbons Ted Bessell
Wanda Lovest Mickey Mantle

5:00 2 MOVIE

"The Last Nosebleed." The true story of a man who once had a nosebleed.

Cast

Hiram Golde Meir
Nose Jerry Van Dyke

3 STEAMIRONSIDE

Popeye the Sailor Man stars as a down and out bum who decides to steal Ironside's wheelchair and hook it for a season's pass to the Metropolitan Opera. Ironside: Raymond Bird.

Guest Cast

General

George Custer Mason Reese
Kid Keenan Wynn

3 KUNG FOOEY

Caine goes through five flashbacks, four of which never happened to him, while the fifth he'd rather forget altogether. Caine: David Carry-dine. Master Pui: Burt Lehr. Master Son: Mason Reese.

Sheriff Clyde Jim Neibors
The Fugitive David Janson
The One Armed
Chinese Man Keya Luke

9:30 3 MOVIE

"Who'd Ever Want To Eat Rabbits Anyway?" the critically acclaimed 1931 musical dealing with the racial slaughter of millions of bunny rabbits by big nasty hunters.

Cast

Bugs Bunny Steve Canyon
Tululu Agnes Moorehead

3 SO YOU CHANGED YOUR

SOCKS, CHARLIE BROWN
The newest most delightful of all the Peanuts specials is this brand new episode written by Charles Shultz himself. It seems that Snoopy has been bugging Charlie Brown's house and selling the information to Lucy for special favors. Snoopy Ozzie Nelson
Charlie Brown Roberta Flack
Lucy The Galloping Gnome

too close up



Special:
10:52

BURRO MY HEART AT WOUNDED KNEE

The true story of the Burro that invaded the Alamo, based on the book by Dee Cummings. Sherry, the Burro, had somehow wandered across the Texas plains for days without water. He also somehow made it through Santa Ana's troops, into the Alamo and helped the Americans win the war they were helplessly outnumbered in.

Davy Keya Luke
Daniel The Cookie Monster
Santa Ana John Barrymore
Burro Bob Denver



too close up

7:00

FRONTIER CHEF

COOKING ON THE HIGH RANGE

Debut: A new show begins this week dealing with old fashioned western cooking starring Cook-along Cassidy. Cassidy will be preparing recipes only your Grandmother ever heard of: Bat Master-son Mince Pie: Made with a cane and derby hat. Billy The Kid Cream Pie: Killa you with your boots on. Sittin' Bull Ice Cream Custard's last stand. And many others.

Wednesday

8:00 2 SUNNY AND CHEER

Baseball player Boob Rube listens as Sunny makes nose jokes about Cheer, and Cheer makes short Italian jokes about Sunny. Then they all laugh and they bring out their daughter, Charity, and exploit her charm.

Sunny ... Elizabeth Montgomery
Cheer ... James Doonan
Kirk ... William Shatner

9 ADAM 13

A cat is up a tree. A husband and wife fight. Milord has to get his laundry clean. Tense police action in the Dragnet style. Milord: Martin Melon. Red: Kent Clark.

7 ROCK AND ROCK YEARS

The great songs of the fifties come back with the original artists singing them. Today's show—all the songs by people who are now dead. Featuring: Jimi Hendrix, Bobby Darin, Paul McCartney, and others.

8:30 2 FARAWAY AND COMPANY

Faraway is hit by a speeding car because he doesn't know what cars are. Faraway: Dan Sunday.

3 MIV GRIFFIN

Queen Elizabeth, Henry Kissinger,

and Tammy Wynette discuss the new album by Ex-Beetle, Ringo Starr.

6 MOVIE

"Kill Dem Mudders" a sensitive drama dealing with the sorrows of the Bubonic Plague and its survivors. Special guest stars: Willard & Ben.

Cast

Ralph Waldo Emerson, Frank Zappa
Queen Victoria ... Nanette Fabray

9:00 2 CANNONBALL

Brandoff Cruz is featured in this crime drama dealing with the kidnapping of a youth and holding him for ransom. Cruz (last seen as Eddie in "Courtship of Eddie's Mother") plays the kidnapper, with Kate Smith as his helpless, terrified victim.

Bill Babby ... Arte Johnson
The Shiek of Araby ... Anita Gillette

3 NEWS

Ted Knight gives the news on this early news show. Today's highlights: An interview with Daffy Duck. A report on Bopel Pollution, and an editorial dealing with the high cost of midgets.

Sunday

7:30 2 MERRY PASON

A well-known mass murderer is defended by Perry, found innocent, and then kills Perry, Della, Burger and Baird. Mason, Monte Markhog. Della. Sharon Achoo. Murderer: Pinky Lee.

Guest Cast

Pres. Truman ... Mary Ann Mobley
Ernest Hemingway ... Tommy Sands

1 WORLD OF DOOZY

"My Friend, The Black Widow Spider," part two of a one parter featuring the friendly antics of a neighborhood poisonous black widow spider. Tonight: The Black Widow kills her husband. Her trial begins.

Guest Cast

Black Widow ... Barbara Eden
Husband ... Michael Ansara

2 FBI

Erasthine and Word are fired when they discover wiretap bugs leading to the President's office. Erasthine: Ephrem. Cimbali Jr. Word: Phillip Abbott & Costello.

Guest Cast

President Nixon ... Mary Ann Mobley
Trick ... Donald Pleasence
Pat ... Gary Indiana

8:00 2 SPACE NURSE

Astrid Jupiter and her intern, Lefty, rocket off to Mars for an emergency vasectomy. Astrid: Judy Garland. Lefty: Robert Vaughn.

8:30 2 MANIC

Manic meets a beautiful mysterious woman who likes to hit him on his head. Manic: Mike Connen. Peggy: Gail Fishy.

2 McMillion and Wife

Sally is kidnapped for the 37th time this season. Mac has to find her, but gives up half-way through when he realizes even if he does save her, she'll only get herself kidnapped next week. Mac: Rock Hoodwink. Sally: Susan St. Jim.

Guest Cast

James Bond ... Sean Connery
James Bond ... George Lazenby
James Bond ... Roger Moore

2 MOVIE - Comedy

"I Married The Boston Strangler," a 1971 TV movie which follows the humorous antics of a Boston housewife and her murderous male.

Cast

Albert DeSalvo ... Pearl Bailey
Mary ... Reni Santoni

9:30 2 BARNABED JONES

Barnabed comes down with rheumatism. Series mercifully ends. Barnabed: Buddy Epsen.

2 RELIGION IN AMERICA -

Situation Comedy

9:31 2 MASTERPIECE THEATRE

Shakespeare's classic "Romeo and Juliet" is sensitively performed by The Muppets.

THE LAFF RIOT OF THE DECADE

MY HUSBAND, THE CHAIR

Yuks before as Arte Johnson finds himself changed magically into a wicker chair, and his distressed wife, Gloria, played by Tina Louise, can only sit down on him in horror.

**Starting this
week
Wednesdays at
7:30 on
WKLOD-TV 18**



Be a model ... or at least be put together like one

BARBARIAN has local schools for modelling for anyone who wants to become cast in plastic and then glued together. No obligation. No salesman will call. Use coupon for the chance of a lifetime. PHONE (11-42) WEB-1212 NOW

BARBARIAN MODEL MAKING SCHOOL
575 Madison Avenue, Dept. 00001, America.

name _____

address _____ cellblock _____

Monday

8:00 **7 GUNSMOG**

Matt realizes he is old and not nearly as fast as he used to be, so, using his clean reputation, he tells Banker Midew to give him all the bank's money for safekeeping, then runs off to Mexico with it.

Guest Cast

Midew Peter Graves
Wyatt Gary Cooper
Sigmund
The Sea Monster Woody Allen

9:30 **ROOKOFFS**

The Police kids find there's more to being a policeman than holding a gun. Willie drops his gun and is drummed off the force. Willie: Michael Oatmeal. Terry: Georg Siroford.

Guest Cast

Harlan Ellison Mario Thomas
Bob Silverberg Dwayne Hickman
Isaac Asimov Peter Parker

10:00 **MASTERPIECE THEATRE**

A shock ending awaits viewers of "MINCEMEAT PIE", because the ending was never filmed.

Rudolph
Valentino Sir Cedric Hardwicke
Emily Suzanne Pleshette
Bob Bob Newhart

9:00 **HERE'S LOOSEY**

Lucy goes through a change in life and from this point on she becomes funny.

Harry: Gale Garoff. Lucy: Lucille Ball. Supporting: Kim: Lucie Arnott.

11:00 **MOVIE**

Walter Brennan and Dame Judith

Anderson play two newlyweds in their teens "Planet of the Apes" makeup man, Grunt Banana, did the astounding makeup for this role, originally to be played by Annette Funicello and Tommy Sands.

Guest Cast

Gregory Whit Bissell
Whit Bissell Gregory

9:30 **DICK VAN DICK—Comedy?**

Dick pushes for a laugh as he tries making this show as funny as his last show and doesn't even come close. Dick: (Dick Van Dick). Laura: Mary Tyler opps, Jenny: Hope Lung.

10:00 **MY MOTHER THE CAR—Crime Drama**

Mom decides to take over the household by putting on her ex-husband and killing everyone with Carbon Monoxide. Jerry: Jerry Van Dick. Captain Samadi: Brother Yoo-doo.

Guest Cast: none

11:00 **BOOK BEAT**

Ker Dules reads "War and Peace" (376 hours.)

10:00 **MEDICAL SENTER**

The late Grace Allen plays a corpse that Dr. Gannon (Chad Chod) tries to bring back to life.

Dr. Moose Shirley Booth
Fred Beaver Cleaver
John Captain Kangaroo

11:00 **FLYING NONENTITY**

Sister Bernine invades the Vatican, but is shot down over France when she is mistaken for an enemy missile.

Tuesday

8:00 **MAD**

Mad and Walnut scream at each other, throw dishes, wreck their household, then kiss and make up. Only problem is, Walnut wants to re-marry—this time, to Mad's voluptuous daughter, Carol: Adrienne Booboo. Mad: Beakup Arthur.

9:00 **CHASED**

"What if I Can't Afford A Call To My Attorney" is the question raised when 3 year old Brandon Cruz is arrested for Homicide and Reckless Driving Without A License. Chased: Mitchell Randown.

Guest Cast

Ozzie Nelson Ronald McDonald
Julie Peggy Lipton
Goobers Rascallies Jackson Harriet Beecher Stowe

10:00 **THE SOMEWHAT NEW**

TEMPERATURES GOING UP

Sister Bernine can't fly and goes to see Dr. Murder (Paul Lynde), who tells her that she has a \$100 a day habit. Nolan: Cleveland Little

Guest Cast

Christian Bernard Orson Bean
Dr. Mickey Mouse Connie Stevens

11:00 **THE TALL, FAT, THIN, SKINNY SHOW**

(Debut) A new game show starring Melvyn Douglas. The concept: Four misshapen freaks appear on stage to be ridiculed for big prizes and a possible trip to Bayonne. Guest celebrities: Sammy Davis Jr., Ozze Nelson, Barbara Feldon, Lyle Waggoner.

9:30 **HOWAREYOU FIVE-ZERO**

Horace Greely once said it. So did a few others "Go West, Young Man" and he did. But so did the albatross. As did the pelicans. So, why not? Huh? McGarrut. Jack Lord. God. Danney: James McArthur.

Guest Cast

Kim Bu Dree Yak
Lu Ke Won
Sim Tar No Fu
Kerry Lloyd Bridges

10:00 **MOVIE**

"THE SO-SO ESCAPE" A made for TV suspense movie about the uninteresting life of Lloyd Ludlow, who was sentenced to 5 days in

STAR TREK AGES



Yes, the old reliable show has been repeated and repeated till everyone is so old it's no longer funny.

So now, before Spock dies from old age, we're giving the show its last rites.

**Be there ...
tonight, 7:00 on
Ch. 82**

jailed for a parking fine in Gary, Indiana, and the attempted escape which cost him his supper.

Cast

Hazel Shirley Booth
Bilko Phil Silvers
Aunt Bee Francis Bavier
Lloyd Ludlow Peter Marshall

9:00 **THE MAGICIAN**

Tony's life becomes entangled with that of an Aluminum Siding Salesman, and he begins doing tricks with Reynolds Wrap. Tony: Bix Biley.

Guest Cast

Sybil Leek Dunninger
Houdini Krasnik
Mr. Miracle J. Stenanko

10:00 **POLICE LIE**

Sally Fields plays an egomaniacal soon-to-be-retired Sergeant for the Tallahassee, Fla. police department. A dull but true story.
Seymore
Gleumore Patty McCormack
The Fugitive David Jannan

THE HAPPY ACCOUNTANTS



The business world reacted violently when this was first shown last fall, but now we dare repeat it—

1) the myth behind the myth of accountancy
2) what they do all day with that little adding machine? And is it legal?
3) Also, what about their ledgers? Yeah, what about them?

Be sure to see the show that they said would never come back. The myth, the expose, the actual black and white facts about Accountancy—the myth and the dangers

Only on Channel 64, 10:30 tonight.

Hey, gong, didjo see this reolly wild TV show a few weeks back? The one that told oll about how Alien Visitors From Outer Space came to the oarth in prehistoric times, and how they built everything from the Egyptian Pyromids to the statues on Easter Island? And didjo know that now there are zillions of books out on the same subject, with titles like *Gods, Demons, and Space Charlots—Gods and Devils from Outer Space—and the ever-populer God Drives o Flying Saucer?*

Well, fronkly, we at *CRAZY Magozine* go one step farther. We have our own theory about what happened 'way bock when. And here's where we lay it on you, in a feature we call—

HOT-RODS OF THE GODS?

**UNSOLVED MYSTERIES OF THE PAST SOLVED, MAYBE
BY ERICH VON DUMMIKIN**

Featured on TV as
"IN SEARCH OF ANCIENT AUTO-NUTS"

The startling article that asks the musical questions:

WAS EARTH THE SITE OF AN INTERPLANETARY DRAG-RACE OVER 40,000 YEARS AGO?

IS THERE EVIDENCE OF ALIEN DRAG-STRIPS IN THE ANDES, IN THE HIMALAYAS, AND
MAYBE EVEN IN TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA?

ARE EXTRATERRESTRIAL PEEL-OUT ARTISTS RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THAT RUBBER DOWN
THERE IN BRAZIL?

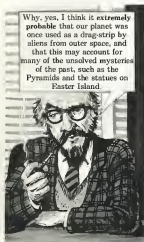
Matter of fact, this is also the startling article that gives the musical answer:

HECK, NO, YOU DODO! BUT ASKING BONEHEAD QUESTIONS LIKE THAT IS SURE A LOT
MORE PROFITABLE THAN SITTING AROUND LISTENING TO CHUCK BERRY SINGING ABOUT
HIS DING-A-LING-A-LING!

So turn the page, already! You think we're gonno send
Ming the Mercless around to do that for you, too?

Yes, that's right. I, Erich von Dummikin, honorary third assistant poste-up man of CRAZY Magazine, believe that the Earth was used as a **Drag-Strip** by Aliens from Outer Space in ancient times!

Is this a real possibility? I asked Professor Snurdley P. Crankshaft of the University of Lower Shebayan. Here is his unbiased answer:



Er, thank you, Prof. Crankshaft, we get the general idea. At any rate, with that distinguished scientific brain to back me up, I began a careful search of monuments and landmarks the world over, to see if I could turn up evidence to support my world-shattering theory. Below, in an obviously unretouched, un-oltered photograph, is my first breakthrough find:



There you have it, friends and neighbors! Irrefutable proof that our very own **Grand Canyon** was actually formed by a head-on collision between two flying saucers during the time trials of the **First Intergalactic Demolition Derby!**

If the Grand Canyon was created this way, then what about Mount Vesuvius, the Marina Trench, and that funny-looking mound in my old backyard in Schleswig-Holstein?

Will fresh investigations of these sites turn up new evidence to refute the centuries-old findings of scholars and archaeologists?

Were these sites, too, visited by freaked-out, speed-crazy teenagers from outer space in ancient times?

Will I ever stop asking these stupid questions and get on with the pictures?

You betchum, Little Believer!

At the beginning of the 18th century, this map was found in the famed Topkapi Palace in Istanbul. It formerly belonged to Piri Reis, an Admiral in the Turkish Navy. This map, when placed over an aerial-projection map of the globe, shows a degree of accuracy impossible to achieve without expert aerial photography!



Two weeks ago last Friday, this map was found in the back seat of a 1957 Edsel in a Pre-Owned Car Lot in Canarsie. It formerly belonged to Pee-Wee Reese, former shortstop for the former Brooklyn Dodgers in the former Flatbush. Not that it has anything whatever to do with this article, but if you see PeeWee, tell him we'll trade it back for one of his old baseball gloves.



The Egyptian Pyramids are one of the oldest mysteries facing mankind, womankind, and little-kid-kind. The Pyramids raise many perplexing questions, namely:

How were building-blocks weighing 6,500,000 tons hauled hundreds of miles across the desert by the ancient Egyptians, a race whose average size fell somewhere between Mickey Rooney and Dopey the Dwarf?

How were 2,600,000 gigantic blocks fitted together to the nearest 1/1000th of an inch by a people who believed that the Sun was hatched from a giant frog's-egg on top of a mountain near Hermopolis?

Who put the bamp in the bamp-be-bamp-be-bamp, who put the rang in the rang-a-rang-a-ding-dang?



Is it a mere coincidence that the height of the Great Pyramid of Cheops, multiplied by one billion, gives a figure only 5,000,000 miles away from the average distance to the Sun?

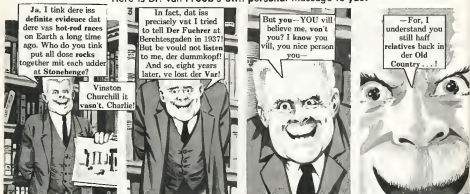
Is it a mere coincidence that the area of the base of the Pyramid divided by twice its height gives the figure of pi (3.14159)?

Is it a mere coincidence that, if you take the height of the Pyramid (490 feet) and multiply it times the date of the first Buck Rogers daily comic-strip (1929), you get the sum of 945,210, which is roughly the population of Rhode Island in 1960?

As a matter of fact, that last one probably is a mere coincidence, but what the hey! You can't win 'em all!

And now, a **CRAZY** exclusive: I, Erich van Dummikin, have personally interviewed **Dr. Verner van Freeb**, chief scientist at Cape Canaveral and one of the world's foremost missile authorities since World War Two at which time he was in the personal employ of an obscure Austrian housepainter.

Here is Dr. van Freeb's own personal message to you:



Some lesser minds may theorize that the famous Great Stone Faces on Easter Island in the Pacific are actually models of Aliens who visited our world in prehistoric times. Perhaps so.

But I, Erich van Dummikin, have personally discovered the nearby Christmas Island, which is identical in every way to Easter Island except for the Great Stone Face seen prominently for the first time in this authentic, un-retouched photograph. This monument stands as the Ancient Auto-Nuts' own tribute to the greatest Interstellar dragster of all—who is also perhaps the source of the strange lights seen in the sky each Christmas Eve above Air Force bases all over the Free World and the sleazier parts of Pittsburgh.



Some skeptics and Doubting Thomases have suggested that my authentic, un-retouched pictures may be less than 100% authentic, and that I may have applied pen and airbrush in certain key photos. But you trust old Erich, don't you, baabie? Remember those relatives in the Old Country, naw!

On the Plain of Nozco in Peru are strange markings which, viewed from the air, appear strikingly similar to a modern-day airport, an ultra-sophisticated missile base, or even a tic-toc-toe game I once played in Bremerhaven with Hildegard Neff.

Recently, however, I discovered the markings shown below, which are visible only from an out-gyro flying backward over a sandlot snooker field just outside Hobart, Tasmania.

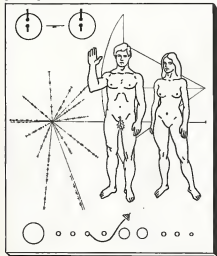


These markings are obviously nothing less than skid-marks caused by an alien stock-car doing a spin-out at speeds in excess of 38 m.p.h., as any fool can plainly see.

The slight, accidental similarity of these skid-marks to certain words of the English language should in no way be construed as contradicting the Von Dummikin Theory.

You don't want to see a former Volkswagen dealer cry, do you?

Below is an approximation of the "Greeting Card to Outer Space" sent aloft in the Pioneer F rocket in the 1970's. It utilizes a cosmic code which only alien life-form should be able to decipher, given a few centuries and the sense God gave a goose.



Below is my own personal inter-world Greeting Card, which will be launched next week in a renovated Goodyear Blimp from a porking-lot in a suburb of Dusseldorf. When deciphered, it announces an All-Planets Soapbox Derby to be held on Groundhog's Day, 1974, in Boise, Idaho.



If no one with more than two eyes and/or three elbows shows up by 12 noon of that date, the Derby will be cancelled, and all donated Prize Money will revert to the Erich von Dummikin Fund for Research and General Whoopee-Making. Too bad about you, bug-eyed monsters!

One final comparison: This prehistoric drawing (below, left) was found by me, of all people, in my very own Victory Garden in Stuttgart! (My epoch-making discovery has been authenticated by my lovely wife Brunhilda, a former Sunday School teacher at Doehou.)

Could primitive imagination have produced anything so remarkably similar to a modern-day hot-radder in a sauped-up 'Vette? The strange lever near the figure's foot can only indicate that he is stepping on the gas-pedal—or maybe squosh-ing a kumquat.



Below: American astronauts of today in an identical situation, except for electronic headgear, leather-crafted safety belts, color-coordinated space suits, self-activated oxygen masks, and other incidental, insignificant details.



There you have it! Proof Positive of the Von Dummikin Theory that our planet was used as a Drog-Strip by Aliens from Outer Space before the dawn of historians!

And now, just to show you I'm a good sport and don't mind presenting on apposing point of view, no matter how dumb-headed, we will close with an Afterword by Dr. Heinrich Klingenhoffer, now guest lecturer at the University of Greater Ft. Lauderdale, who tries in vain to refute my theory and who never liked me anyway because my dueling-scor is longer than his:

It pains me greatly to dispute the word of my learned countryman, Erich von Dummikin, whose last known scientific accomplishment was the successful transplanting of a wart from his right hand to his left and back again, in 1962.

The fact that the Von Dummikin Theory could only have been conceived by the same man who in 1948 charged that the Berlin Airlift was in reality a swarm of migrating tsetse-flies, has in no way colored my opinions.

But, truth to tell, there is simply no evidence of extraterrestrial visitors to earth, either in ancient times or any other. In fact, the whole theory of alien life-forms is ridiculous and unworthy of further serious consideration by the academic community.

By the way, please tell my cousin Bernie that he can have all my old shirts, including the one that glows in the dark during a Lunar Eclipse.

Class dismissed.

ROCK 'N' ROTTEN STONE

75 Reuniteffs UK 20 pt

Issue No. 2018, February 30, 1974

Cleveland and Culture: Worlds in Collision

Groupies Rap About Their Favorite Feet

Did We Survive the 60's?



Death Has Risen from the Grave

RANDOM NOSE

The hottest new act in Britain this year is a group called "Paulette Goddard." Modelled after America's own Alice Cooper, Paulette plays a style of music they call "degenerate symphonic semi-classical." Their latest single, "Hungry Means Never Having To Vomit," a hard rocker whose flip side, "Listerine On My Mind" was composed by Norwegian drummer Hans Offmimudder, is currently at the top of the charts in London. Asked if they plan to tour the U.S., the group's leader, singer Lemule Frembleton stated, "No."

25/25 News: Freda Pain's new single, "Band Of Thorns,"

on Stigmata Records is reportedly knockin' 'em dead and hangin' 'em up in Cleveland and Jerusalem, but it never got a rise out of Rome... Spurred on by the success of his firm's new ad campaign ("Over 15 Billion Hungry"), the president of MacDonald's Hamburgers is issuing a new spoken-word LP, "Jokes I've Chuckled At"... Radio Tidbit: all FM transmission in New York City has been interrupted indefinitely, pending removal of a giant guerrilla from the Empire State Building tower. The burly revolutionary stationed himself there on September 20th when he learned that the 'sixties were over... Five congressmen have undertaken

an investigation of rock lyrics to determine whether some of them may be funny. Aim of the study: to eliminate from the airwaves any jokes Richard Nixon would not understand... Which reminds us: Nixon named Henny Youngman "American Humorist of the Year" for 1974. In the prexy's own imperishable words, "More Americans should wallow in mother-in-law jokes and get the nation moving again."

Adelle Farmerdaughter, the country-western songstress who recently switched over to the morbidity-rock genre as lead vocalist for the group call-

ed Death (cf. related article on next page), gave her reasons for that unusual switch in image at a press conference in Nashville last week.

Bob Dryllin, Eric Clap, John Lemon, and the dead body of Jimi Olsen, have formed the "all-time greatest supergroup of all time," according to Clap. The group's name will be Blind Air Force. Their act will consist of a repertoire of John Phillip Sousa marches played in laid-back country style while a young dwarf born on Zanzibar passes through the audience tossing spaghetti and faith-healing any spectators who have seen.

SPACED UP!



Let Runyan O'Leary and his group take you to the ends of the galaxy—where no man has gone before, but dogs have.

Ten power-packed new tunes from the composer who gave you "Spinech Lust" and "I Can't Help Kissing Your Athlete's Foot," all in this new collection, *Spaced Up!*

Includes the group's new smash single, "Talkin' Rebuttal Blues."

On NAUSEA Records and Tapes.

Where it belongs.

"Mommy, Where Did President Nixon Come From?"



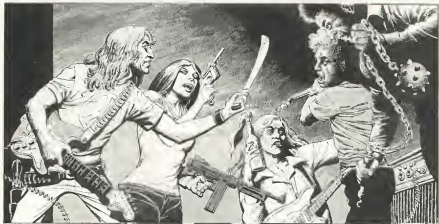
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MUZAK



Death Comes Alive in St. Louis

By Hunting Thomas

For the first time since the 1904 World's Fair, St. Louis, Missouri, is excited about something. Or, more properly, someone.

He is Umberto Togatown, a Peruvian-born musician who is lead male vocal with the city's first successful rock group, Death.

And since Umberto recently recruited Adelle Farmerdaughter, a former country-western singer with only one minor hit ("Alone With Just A Fence Pole To Keep Me Warm"), as his co-star with the group, St. Louis has gone Death-mad.

"De Grateful Dead," Umberto says, "they are de pansies! Only we actually kill something at every show! We are uniek in moosiek!"

Adelle agrees. In soprano

mulcho sotto voice, she whispers, "Umberto has a vision of world death that he tries to communicate to the audience. He tried at first to do that by simulating death, but it didn't work. So now we kill one member of our group at every live performance we do."

Death's act is, to say the least, bizarre. It begins with an empty stage. Suddenly, from the rafters, a twelve-foot-tall sword drops onto the floorboards. Then, the band walks solemnly to their instruments. There is a moment of hushed silence. Then, Umberto cries out, "Gib on me de blood!" Each band member then produces a one-pint bottle of what appears to be real hemoglobin and douses Umberto with its contents. He then begins the first number, "Railroad Spike Through My Throat (Can't Hit the Right Note)".

At the conclusion of the per-

formance which generally consists of material from the group's two albums, *Stob, Choke, and Die* and *Cremation*, plus a few standards such as "The Last Kiss," "Tell Laura I Love Her," "Honey," and "Maxwell's Silver Hammer" ... someone dies.

Someone actually dies!!

At the performance I viewed, a cymbal went fräbee-ing through the air and decapitated the bass player. The crowd first screamed in horror, then cheered and applauded wildly as the headless corpse was lifted for display by Umberto, and the band held high by Adelle, who awarded the dead musician a posthumous kiss.

Backstage, I asked Umberto if they ever had difficulty recruiting new musicians for the group, since, obviously, he and Adelle were Death's only permanent members.

"Jes," he said. "Many peypo do not realize how much dey wanna die until I tell dem."

Deep down, I harbored suspicions that it was all stage trickery, that no one really was killed. So I checked with both the Coroner's Office and the Police Department.

Umberto actually was killing musicians at an alarming rate, according to the statistics of both offices. But, as one detective, who refused to be identified, informed me, "It always looks like an accident. They handle these things with C.I.A. precision. It's frightening."

As of this week, Death's new single, "I Will Be, I Am, I Was," hit Number Ten on the national charts. We may shortly be faced with a new phenomenon to equal the beef shortage in gravity and far surpass it in weirdness. If Death becomes a fad...

SINGLES

**I Don't Love You
Since You Ate My Dog
Flea & Tick
Dog-Eat-Dog Records
11215**

It's not a pleasant record to listen to. At least, not at first. But soon, the depth of understanding that Flea & Tick (also Nugg Fletcher and Pakaka Rodriguez) have achieved in this three-minute-and-forty-three-second *tour de force* overcomes the initial feeling of revulsion.

I Don't Love You Since You Ate My Dog is a stinging com-

mentary on the state of the economy. And part of its sting comes from the economical production this record received. It was recorded in a subcellar, with a furnace rumbling away in the back, on a single mike, with a cassette recorder whose batteries might be best described as comatose. The result is a humorous look at a Nation gone mad.

We hear, halfway through the record, Fletcher's guitar pick break. He cannot afford a new one. He continues with the song.

The lyrics have nothing to do with dogs or eating. Where the title is derived from is a mystery. Rodriguez will only say, "It seemed appropriate."

I cannot quote the entire song here, but perhaps a close scrutiny of its most searing passage will suffice as food for thought:

There is a bridge across the junkheap.
I built it with my brother.
Three guys came and spit on it.
And I spit on my brother.
We built another bridge that day.

Across a farm.

—Elmore Welluber

**I DON'T LOVE
YOU SINCE YOU
ATE MY DOG.
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"FLEA & TICK"
SINGLE—
RELEASED BY
DOG EAT DOG
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RECORDS



Hard to Eat
Crow
Respite 69791

Crow is a group out of Cleveland whose press releases describe them as the vanguard of the new "Dullness Revolution" in music. Their plodding, lethargic melodies, we are told, are "a direct result of their roots. All five members of Crow—Jimmy Dry, lead guitarist; Anton Jajune, rhythm guitarist; T.D. Uss, drummer; John Paul Vacanti, bassist; and Harold Sipid, cellist—were born and raised in suburban Cleveland, and all five are the product of quiet, middle-class, WASPish families." Crow's so-called "new sound" reflects this heritage.

A quick listing of the ten songs on this, their first LP, will give you a notion of how such "roots" can be translated into music.

Side One begins with the title cut, "Hard to Eat," which refers to dry cat food. The rest of the side encompasses such wonderment as "Crabgrass Menace," "Too Much Chlorine In the Pool (It Stings My Eyes)," "Patio Dreamin'," and "My Life Is a Circular Driveway."

The second side, equally banal, opens with "Birthday Party Magicman," about the trials and tribulations of a sodden old drunk who entertains at kids' parties and whose egg

won't disappear. "Buick Joy," "Linda On My Lawn," "Central Air," "Fry Me A Minute Steak," and the closing song, an anthem of sorts entitled "Free, White, and Nouveau-Riche," complete the picture.

It is not, as some may assume, a put-on or a put-down, but rather paeon to the life-style of suburban Cleveland. And the only deep intellectual or musical question the album poses is: what's wrong with America?

—Zach Spratt



Voodoo Kisser
Plague
Loa Manhattan Records
69694

Subtlety is not one of the virtues of Plague as a group and even less of Voodoo Kisser, their latest excursion into the myths of perversity.

The album's first side opens with the supposedly authentic sound of the head of a live chicken being ripped from its body. Plague's drummer, Lars Fengen, then strikes the cymbals three times. This is an interesting bit of symbolism referring to the mystic significance of the number "3" in voodoo—i.e., that a chicken has just had its head torn off.

A shrill, piercing scream, which the liner notes describe as exactly halfway between the

pitch of Johnny Weissmuller's famed Tarzan yell and the Women's Liberation rhetoric of Shanna the She-Devil, follows next. And then we're off and running, full-till, into the first cut called "Severed Chicken Heads."

Its lyrics, composed by lead singer Sulla Meek and bassist Johanna Kelso, are truly eerie, apocalyptic calypso, viscerally inspired and performed. An excerpt:

When I see a bloody beak,
I think of cosmic rain
And the entrails of Gaud
whirling
In his slimty pain.

(© 1973, SoG Music. Reprinted by permission.)

The album's six other cuts, "Mambo In My Closet," "Silver Dolls and Golden Needles," "Snake Worship," "Zombie Love," "Fire-Walk," and an eleven-minute number called "Ghost of the Chicken" are equally compelling, though uneven musically and occasionally victim to certain excesses such as the overlong kettle-drum—electric bass jam in "Ghost..."

It is not an album for the squeamish, nor for those who have an especial fondness for chickens. But it's a statement of unrelenting truth, delivered with few of the conventional amenities. Perhaps the most succinct summing-up of its theme can be found in the third verse of "Zombie Love":

Yellow flesh pressed against mine

The cold warms me
Visions of your mother,
drowning in the brine
Do alarm me
Eighteen headless borses
chomping at the bits
Of decaying toes on the sidewalk

(© 1973, SoG Music. Reprinted by permission.)

—Thurgood Marshall



Antares Probe
Alice Bowie
Ersatz Records 7689894

Antares Probe is more spaced-out rock from the man who gave us *Shoot the Lunar Module* and *Billion-Dollar Slime*, the acknowledged masterworks of pseudo-science-fiction-rock of 1972. As with those earlier efforts, the emphasis in *Antares* is on jazzy production, not musical virtuosity.

Special effects abound: the sound of an ICBM unspinning a lady's dress; simulated meteor collisions over Los Angeles; and, in the record's most absurd and offensive cut, "Hypothesis: Moon Acne," the sound of a crater being popped like a zit, with volcanic puss oozing out over the dusty lunar surface.

In short, it's the usual routine Alice Bowie nonsense, complete with a fragment of "moon rock" (actually Mohave Desert rock) as part of the package. The liner notes advise the listener to throw the "moon rock" at his grandmother, presumably with intent to kill. It's all part of overthrowing the Old Order, yknow.

Galactic in its scope, *Antares Probe* is a universal zero.

—Vito Sangria



HISTORY of MOOSEKIND

Writer & Artist: BOB FOSTER

Part V—We back-track a little to see how Moosekind became oriented in the Far East.

A new slant on the history of Moosekind as seen through the eyes of Dr. Melville Moose, noted Sinologist, Orientologist, Anesthesiologist and one-time sparring partner in the Boxer Rebellion.

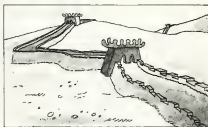
Since his operation to correct cauliflower antlers, Dr. Moose has gained recognition as one of the world's leading authorities on Yellow Journalism.

Since his return from the Orient, Dr. Moose has become a connoisseur of Ginseng tea. "It makes your horns grow big and strong."

"My interest in the Orient was sparked by an attack of the Asian flu," he went on. "I was heading an expedition up the Ganges to the mountainous regions of southeast China in search of the Abominable Snow-moose when I contracted the affliction. I underwent acupuncture and was cured in no time. It was during my period of recuperation that I began delving into the history of Moosekind in the Orient. I was fascinated to learn that the oriental branch of the Moose family tree was a Bon-sai bush."



Orientologist Moose.



The Great Wall.



Dr. Moose undergoing acupuncture.



The Iron Curtain.



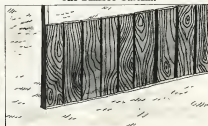
Dr. Moose recuperating from acupuncture.



The Bamboo Curtain.



The Oriental branch of the Moose family tree.



The Knotty-pine Room Divider.

The first semblance of government in China was during the JONGG DYNASTY under the leadership of a woman—MA JONGG.

The TANGG DYNASTY witnessed the discovery of gunpowder, fireworks, and an instant breakfast drink. Also at this time women adopted the custom of SNOT BINDING, a procedure designed to give them a cute nose.

In 1274 AD, the Italian adventurer MOOSO POLO met Emperor KUBLAI MOOS (half-brother of FRANN and OLLI and grandson of GENGHIS MOOS) and established trade routes between Europe and China.

The MUNG DYNASTY, ruled by MUNG THE MOOSELESS, was followed by the MANCHOO DYNASTY of which it has been said "Many man smoke but Fu Manchoo." HYUK!

After 1850, Chinese COOLIES began migrating to America. It was this Coolie labor that helped build the GRAND COOLIE DAM.

In 1931, despite opposition from CHIANG KAI-MOOS, a Communist government was established in China by MAO TSE-MOOS.

Recent interest in the Chinese martial art of KUNG FOO has led to the production of a rash of popular films dealing with the subject. Riding the crest of the wave of popularity was the late BRUCE MOOS, star of "HOOF OF FURY" and "ANTLER THE DRAGON." (See action clips from the film on the next page.)

Recently, the MOOSSES REPUBLIC OF CHINA acquired a seat in the UNITED HERDS, filling the vacancy left by the delegate from the island of FORMOOSA.



Snout Binding.



Kublai, Frann and Olli.



Mao Tse-Moos.



The late Bruce Moos.



Moodha, founder of the chief religion of China—Moodhism.



The exotic Pagoda Hilton hotel in Peking. The hotel is noted for its resident Peking Toms.



During the Opium Wars the kite was invented to signal for the help of an early law-enforcement individual known as the Antlered Avenger.

Action clips from film footage depicting (left to right) a Sumoos wrestling match, a Joodo demonstration, and some Kung Foo (from the film "Hoofs of Fury" starring the late Bruce Moos).

JOODO, the Japanese art of self-defense has been one of the most popular forms of self-defense for years. Just as popular, but not as widely practiced, is SUMOOS WRESTLING, a sport in which competitors of overwhelming nasal proportions are pitted against each other in an attempt to push over his opponents snout.

The films of Japan have enjoyed widespread popularity for many years. Most noteworthy of the Japanese filmmakers is AKIRA KUROMOOSA, director of such international screen classics as "RASHOMOOS," "SECOND SAMURAI," "TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOOSE," and "THRONE OF CUD," all starring the dynamic TOSHIRO MOOSUNI.

Photographic equipment has long been a proud product of the Japanese people, as exemplified by the world-famous NIK-KORMOOS camera.

Japanese industry has become synonymous with miniaturization and/or transistorization. Popular luxury cars like the 1974 ROTARY ANTLER MOOZDA have been transistorized and will fit in your shirt pocket when not in use.

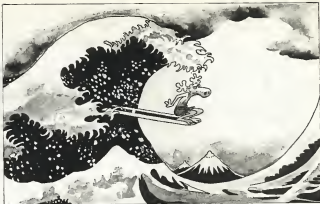
Soon to appear on the market will be a miniature transistorized movie camera that uses 4mm film with picture frames between the sprocket holes.

The art of Japan has a heritage rich in design and elegance. Perhaps the most famous of all Japanese prints is THE BIG KAHUNA by HOKUMOOS. More familiar are prints of beautiful women such as COURTESAN SHARING A TOKE by KEISAI EISOOM. (See reproductions on the next page.)





Toshiro Moosuni in a scene from "Throne of Cud."



"The Big Kahuna" by Hokumooos.



The famous Nikkormooos camera.

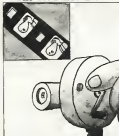


The 1974 Moozda.



"Courteson Sharing a Toke" by Elsoom.

ABOVE: An example of the intricate art of ORIGAMOOS, the oriental art of tablecloth folding. This art form was invented by waiters in an effort to expedite the clearance of restaurant tables.



The new 4mm camera.

RIGHT: Dr. Melville Moose winds up his fact-finding mission in the Far East with a visit to a famous China seaport. He was last seen discovering the meaning of the word "shanghai."





This article was originally intended for an earlier issue of **CRAZY**, but, quite frankly, we rejected it for the last five issues because no one cared about how you get around New York. After all, you're only gonna be mugged when you leave your apartment, providing you haven't been mugged inside your apartment. So what was the need to have a stupid, dumb article like this? Anyway, since this is our special reject issue, here goes with one more piece of trash.

GETTING AROUND THE BIG CITY

A Mis-guide To Tourists In The Big Apple

PROBLEM: You're trying to enter a subway car and some inconsiderate clod inside is blocking the way.



PROBLEM: Let's say you've taken the wife and kids to Shea Stadium and there are those rotten kids again—hanging out over the various levels, spitting on everyone.



SOLUTION: By employing a "flying wedge" of the type used in football, would-be passengers are able to move clod to one side.



SOLUTION: Any automatic or semi-automatic weapon will do very nicely in laying down a "covering fire," allowing you and your family to enter stadium safe and dry.



PROBLEM: New York dog poo is legend. Don't be stuffy and humorless about it as these people are.



Contrary to popular belief, New Yorkers are very polite. Let's say you're annoyed by some one's cigarette while watching a movie.



Just sing that popular anti-smoking jingle that's going around.



SOLUTION: Play New York's new fun game! Poo-ball! It's a game not unlike hackey.



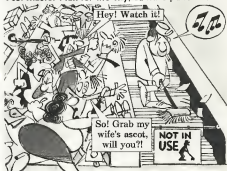
Allow for an occasional grauch.



Know which bars to avoid.



On any given day, half the city's escalators are not working. This is no doubt part of the mayor's Vost Master Plan for the city, so have patience.



Special warning to out-of-towners. Stay out of the following places...

Stronge little book stores



Cheep steak joints



Subway rest rooms



Defacing New York with graffiti is inconsiderate—and it can be dangerous.



And finally, those women loitering around Times Square are there for your fleeting cornol pleasures only. For no lasting relationships with them.



Each year among the Wanukitata, a primitive South Seas community, jeering tribal elders herd the young of spear-point into a pit teeming with deadly snakes. Three years later, they unseal the pit to learn which of their offspring have survived the experience.

The Wanukitata call this a *puberty rite*. In this country, it's called *high school*. The only difference is that the young South Sea Islanders know exactly what they're getting into.

Now, in the interest of closing this preparedness gap and increasing our newsstand sales, we offer American youth our own helpful hints an...

HOW TO *SURVIVE* YOUR EDUCATION



Is Survival in School a Viable Possibility?



Farley Fidget, 73, asks, "Where would I be without what I learned from John Dewey High?"



"High School teaches you to make your own choices in life," says Wilhelmina Wimp, '67. "At least I think it does. Or, on the other hand, maybe it doesn't?"



"John Dewey taught me the facts of life," claims Gary Greaser, '71, "and I'll learn them to you for only \$99 down, \$99 a month."

"Can it be done?" you may ask. "Can the average American teenager survive the rigors of today's high schools unassisted?" After all, of the four hundred eighty-three million Americans who have entered high school in this century, only thirty-four percent are still alive.

Well, CRAZY wants you to know that not only do many survive high school, but some even learn something from it!

Take Farley Fidget, for example. In search of survival tips for today's aspiring highschoolers, we turned first to this illustrious 1973 graduate of John Dewey High because his name is still so prominent in the news, months after the tragic Market Street mass sniping in which he played so central a role.

Contacted in his Death Row cell at Mulberry Farms Institution for Boys, Mr. Fidget eagerly showed us the books, the notebooks, the diplomas for the numberless correspondence courses through which, even today, he continues his unstoppable quest for knowledge. "Raising Rodents on a Shoestring" and "Molecular Physics Made Easy" seemed particular favorites of his, and we asked him why.

"I got a hundred on the final exams," he said proudly, shifting his eyes from side to side. "See, I didn't learn much in high school, but boy did I learn how to take tests!"

Next we turned to Ms. Wilhelmina Wimp, '67, well-known to the psychiatric community as Assistant Librarian in the medical school's College of Neuroses and Psychoses. In the course of a busy schedule stacking and restacking the books in the College collection, Ms. Wimp graciously responded to that question so very much on our mind: "What did you learn from your years at John Dewey that would help today's high school students survive the experience?"

"High school?" she said tentatively, frowning her brow as an inconsiderate psychiatrist removed a volume from a stack she had straightened only moments ago. "High school?"

Pressed for an example, Ms. Wimp grimly explained while restraining the stack. "In high school, you learn to be very neat."

But it was on Greaser Motors Lot #74 that we came across what may well be the most useful and revealing lesson about high school that a recent graduate can offer. The advice came from Gary Greaser, voted "Most Likely to Fail" by the Class of 1971.

"Hell," he said, scanning the ranks of his cars stretching out to the horizon. "I didn't pay no attention to classes or nothing, but I learned a lot. I mean, hell, look around you—and I owe it all to good old John Dewey. Because I'll tell you, mac, what you learn in high school is, you learn what you can get away with."

Suddenly, it all became clear. What each of these three successful recent graduates was trying to tell us was that what they learned from their struggle to survive high school was, above all else, one crucial thing: they learned how to survive.

"You do whatever it takes," Mr. Greaser said with a chuckle as we left him. "Because I'll tell you something else. Soon as you're out of high school and on your own, they can't do nothing to you. I mean, look at Richard Nixon!"

Everything you always wanted to know about school but had too much sense to ask

At John Dewey High School, as at many other schools throughout the land, returning students are greeted each fall with a curiously confusing document known as the school orientation booklet. Written and published in 1876, this exercise in self-indulgence on the part of the school bureaucracy contains, among many other useless features, a series of "often-asked questions" complete with manufactured answers which themselves are questionable at best. Here, then, as part of CRAZY's survival manual for the hardened high school student, we present the questions real people ask about school—and the answers they so richly deserve.

Q: What do they really teach you in sex education?

A: Nothing you couldn't learn in sixty seconds from Nancy Jean Strumpet.

Q: Well, how do I get to meet Nancy Jean Strumpet?

A: Take sex education. She's in the course, because she thinks she's going to learn something from it.

Q: Suppose I really get to meet Nancy Jean Strumpet. What do I do then?

A: Forget her. This is supposed to be about surviving high school, not about how to get into trouble.



Q: I don't see the difference.

A: The difference is, with Nancy Jean you'll get into trouble before the year is out and you won't be able to go to college, where you could get into trouble instead with someone your parents approve of. Now ask me a question about school.

Q: Oh, all right. Why do I have to take English?

A: Have you ever heard of a high school graduate speaking Urdu or Tagalog?

Q: Well, what about gym? Why do I have to take gym if I'm going to college?

A: Surprise! You'll be taking gym in college too, so you'd better get used to it. It's humiliating to flunk out of college because you don't want people to see you naked in the shower.



Q: Tell me about lockers now. How do I get a locker where the door doesn't jam all the time?

A: Wait until after school so you can find that row of great new lockers under the stairs where they put all the freshmen. Then borrow a hacksaw from the metalworking shop and use your imagination.

Q: I think my imagination's my biggest trouble. With my luck, I'll pick on Buck Shinglepecker's locker. What happens then?

A: Look, you came to school for an education, didn't you?

Q: Is it really true what they say about Buck Shinglepecker?

A: Don't ask. If your luck's as bad as you say it is, he'll hear you, and whether it's true or not, he won't understand.

Q: Is it really all right if I bring my own lunch to school?

A: Of course! The cook in the school cafeteria will merely poison one of your friends every day until you're back in line. She really believes in meatloaf and Fresh Garden Peas. Now what else do you want to know?

Q: Do I have to attend assemblies?

A: Usually you can sneak away in time, but be very careful because that's when the teachers get together in the lounge to talk about all their students.

Q: You mean, maybe they'll hear me sneaking down the hall?

A: No. You'll hear them—and, believe me, you don't want to hear what they're saying about you. Remember that earnest little PS you wrote to Miss Boxx on the bottom of your midterm? Well, she's laughing about it with Mr. Cool right now. He's that new social studies teacher with the chin, and if you think you're hung up on Miss Boxx, you should see what he does to her.



Q: So what you're trying to tell me is, teachers like Miss Boxx aren't interested in kids?

A: No. What I'm telling you is, she isn't interested in you. You should have seen her last year, when she had Buck Shinglepecker in her class.

Q: I think I understand what you're getting at.

A: Exactly! Everything you fear the most about high school is true.

Smallpox is better than what these people can do to you!

Many high school students naively believe that the guiding principle in the lives of teachers and school administrators is to make life impossible for everyone under the age of eighteen. Nothing could be further from the truth. The undistinguished dullards who preside over the offices and classrooms of John Dewey High School are, like their students, merely serving out their time. They make life impossible for everyone under the age of eighteen only because they don't know what the hell they're doing. But behind the scenes, in the nooks and crannies of old John Dewey—and in thousands of other high schools throughout the nation—are the people who really want to make your life miserable.



Never ask Velma Vapid to repeat that basketball schedule she was mumbling over the PA system, or she'll squeal the mike even longer the next time she's on the air.



Why is this woman smiling? Why is she unclothed? What is she doing in an article about high school? And why did you read this blurb first?



Don't try complaining to the elusive Sheldon B. Bluster, Superintendent of Schools, if your school is falling apart at the seams. His friends, who built it, have a contract to build a new one.



Dudley Stripclutch, who drives the bus, hates all kids regardless of race, color or creed, but parents never believe that because he always smiles at them.



Think the school shouldn't build that new basketball court? Don't tell "Stretch" Knee-jerk, the basketball coach, or he'll have them build you into the floor, no matter what you learned about democracy.



Avoid this person. Do not ask his name. Do not ask what he's doing in school, or what he does with that funny little chain. Do not even think about what he can do to you. But he'll probably do it anyway.



It's "Dusty" Feinstein who runs the school at night. That's when he jams all the locker doors and puts an extra coat of wax on that hallway floor where you broke your leg last year.



If Penelope Prig, R.N., says you have gout or arthritis, take her word for it, because if you don't she'll make sure you get them. Then she'll give you the aspirin you went to see her for.



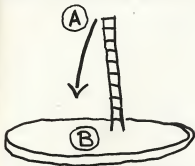
Carrie Cholera wouldn't be caught dead eating her own food in the school cafeteria, but you will be, if she can do anything about it. What's even worse, she'll make you eat her Peach Cobbler!

Now There's An Answer To All Those Tests!

The overwhelming majority of high school students are firmly convinced that the best way to succeed at taking tests is to give the correct answers. Even some teachers believe this.

But let's look at this approach in the light of reality.

Consider, for example, this typical question on a midterm in a junior-year physics course:



Anson Snark (A), a champion trick-diver, descends through the air at 32 ft/sec² toward a tub of water (B). If the temperature is 58° F., and Anson was 100' in the air when he jumped, at what time will the water evaporate?

Obviously, this is one of those trick questions where much vital information has been left out. We don't know how Anson got up that ladder—if that's what it really is—and we don't even know why he jumped if it's so cold outside! Anyway, we have only the teacher's word for all of this, and if the way he did that drawing is any measure of his powers of observation, the chances are that Anson isn't even a he. Nevertheless, most students will do their best to answer the question correctly—with the result, of course, that they are well along the way to acne, ulcers, or a stroke before Anson gets into the water.

But there is no longer any need for these students to court premature death.

Yes, now there is a sure-fire method to beat those tests, amaze your teachers and friends, and eliminate facial blemishes permanently in 90 days.

Every question on every test, without exception, is answerable with the following sentence: "The perceptiveness displayed in your preparation of this exam, Mr./Ms./Mrs. (Teacher's Name), is irrefutable evidence that full tenure is your God-given right."

Memorize that bit of prose. Right now. And understand its implications. For you, exams may be torture; for them, it's just part of their job. That was an unacceptable excuse at Nuremberg. There's no reason you have to stand for it in school.

Things to Watch Out for in Textbooks

1. **Omissions.** You may have wondered about those history texts that mysteriously end in 1947 before everything important happened... those science books they still use, even though they've discovered that everything in the books is wrong... those frank little volumes on sex education that tell you everything except what you're supposed to do. Well, the reason they leave all these things out of textbooks is really very simple: they don't want you to know. As soon as you realize this, you can develop a healthy attitude about textbooks and read something that makes more sense. We recommend the next issue of *CRAZY*.

2. **Personal notes.** Those messages Nancy Jean Strumpet wrote in the flyleaf when she had the book last year are not intended for you. Do not buy her that anklet she wants. Do not wait by the flagpole Wednesday night at 8:00. Do not call that clinic in New York City to see if she's telling the truth.

3. **Ego-deflaters.** Don't make the mistake of believing that those questions at the end of each chapter have anything to do with the text. The answers to those questions are found only in the teacher's guide to the course, and she has to look them up, too.

4. **More omissions.** Buck Shinglepecker did not tear out those four pages you found were missing from your algebra text after he ripped off the book. The publisher deliberately left them out because those four pages were the only part of the book that told the truth about algebra. You might as well just throw the text away—but be sure to keep the cover, so you can disguise that pornographic novel you've been carrying around in your pocket for weeks.

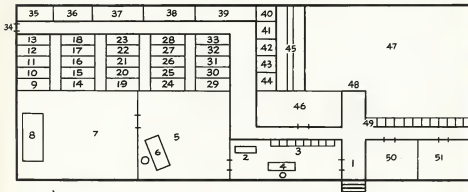
The All-Purpose Textbook



Keep this volume handy in your locker at all times to cover your embarrassment when you've forgotten your books at home. Note the clever way in which our mail-order department has obliterated the crucial word of the title by hand, so that—whichever class you're going to—your teacher will be convinced you've been studying hard for her class. Don't bother to look inside, however. This book, like all other textbooks, was written pseudonymously by Miss Dorothea Dither, L.D., of Sheepdip, Wyoming, and it's wise not to believe a single word she says. (Modern, 474 pgs., sagging hard-cover, available from Underachiever Books, New York, \$1.95. With pages: \$15.95.)

Know Your Way Around School!

Typically, school orientation booklets omit all the really valuable information about the institution's geography. Study this diagram carefully. Then, when you know what to look for, you and your friends can prepare a similar cartological reference source for your own school.



1. The front hallway. This is the one where the janitor applies an extra coat of wax every night, so walk slowly even if you're a little late to school.
2. The bench where you wait to see the principal because you were dawdling in the front hallway.
3. The mailboxes where all the teachers come to look at you when you're waiting principal.
4. Miss Pillory's desk. She's the one who's there to make sure that you really squirm when you're waiting to see the principal.
5. The principal's office. The books on the shelves may have titles like *The COOPERATIVE Road to Education and Kindness Goes a Long Way*, but inside his desk (6) he's got the others on *New Discoveries* on the Rack and *The Korean Knuckle-Torture*.
7. The principal's real office. This is where he has his bar and all his pinups. There's also a couch (8), where he'll go back to sleep after he's finally let you go to class.
- 9-33. Classrooms. Note that 14-33 have no windows; the science labs are in 14-18, so if you have an ounce of sense in your head, you'll either take Home Economics instead (35-36) or flee out the back door (34) when Mr. Bunsen, the chemistry teacher tells you for the fifth week in a row that there's no gas leak in his lab. Note also that the study halls (24-28) and the library (33) are directly opposite the hallway from the carpentry and metalworking shops (37-38) and the room where the marching band practices (39).
- 40-44. These may be classrooms also, but the doors are always closed and no one talks about what goes on in there. It's no use trying to peek in through the windows from the walkway out back (45), because that's where Buck Shinglepecker hangs out during the day.
46. The auditorium. This room was carefully designed according to principles of acoustics formulated in 1864, so that the noise from the metalworking shop and the band room that's been bugging you so much is carried directly through the second floor to your seat in fifth-row center, so you might as well forget about cutting study hall or the library and attempting to study here instead. Maybe you're better off out back with Buck Shinglepecker.
47. The teachers' lounge. As in rooms 40-44, no one is quite sure what the teachers do in here, but at least the door (48) is usually unlocked so you can go in and take a look around if you wish. This is not advised, however, since someone in last year's senior class tried it, and no one has ever seen him since.
49. These are the lockers you can't get open without a can-opener or a blowtorch.
- 50-51. The offices of the Deans of Boys and Girls, respectively. She's easy to get along with if you join the Stamp Club, but you know what they say about him.

Avoid These Six Deadly Traps in School!

1. Curiosity

You're dozing off in American history class when, all of a sudden, you hear Mr. Dodder saying, "... but Abraham Lincoln wasn't a midget." Now, you know that Abraham Lincoln was a midget because Miss Beaver told you so last year, but don't make the mistake of asking Mr. Dodder what he means. He doesn't know what he means, and to prove it he'll give you half-a-dozen books on Abraham Lincoln and another ten on midgets. When you've read them all because he'll give you a C no matter what if you don't, he'll tell you about his trip to Gettysburg in 1923. Obviously, you'd be better off just keeping your mouth shut in the first place. Always remember that high school is no place to ask questions, because the answers you get will almost certainly be the ones you least want to hear.

2. Optimism

Spanish class is over, but Henrietta Heavenly has been wiggling around across the aisle ever since it started, and you're still sitting with your legs tightly crossed because you're afraid everyone will laugh if you stand up. Be sensible; cut your next class if necessary, because you're right. That's why Henrietta was wiggling around in the first place, and she's out in the hallway with her girlfriends now, just waiting for you to walk out.

3. Friendship

The last bell of the day has sounded, and you're on your way home when Dewey Yakamoto pulls you aside to explain that all the guys are going to protest the school dress code tomorrow by wearing nothing but jockstraps and sunglasses. Dewey is the class president, the captain of the squash team, and the best friend you've ever had, but don't believe him for a minute. Those little red pills he gave you last month were not Dyna-Mints, remember?



4. Morality

Mr. Doolittle has just announced a big English test for tomorrow, and Nancy Jean Strumpet passes you a note to tell you she'll be your friend if you'll help her out. She means exactly what you think she means; there's no danger at all that she doesn't. The danger is what she'll do if you turn her down, because if you force her to go see Mr. Doolittle tonight instead, she'll make sure that he flunks you.

5. Trust

You want to go to Harvard, but that hip young counselor the school hired last year is trying to talk you out of it. He says your grades aren't good enough, and he's probably right—but don't take his advice and apply to Wendell Willkie State instead, because that's the college that gives him the biggest kickback for every application. Never forget that this is the guy who told you that your aptitude test indicates you're suited to a career as a mercenary soldier. Anyway, Wendell Willkie State doesn't have a Department of Ichthyology, no matter what he says.

6. Self-confidence

You're in the locker room after gym class, and Buck Shinglepecker is getting undressed a few feet away. You've always wondered if what they say about him is true, but don't look—it probably is. Remember, though: ten years from now, you'll be happily married, have two healthy kids, and own a nice little home in the suburbs—while he's making it with every female in sight.

HISTORY of MOOSEKIND

Part VI—Moose, Myth and Magic. A supplementary chapter highlighting the legends, folklore and mythology of Moosekind.

Writer & Artist: BOB FOSTER

(Editor's note: Dr. Melville Moose is on an unscheduled vacation somewhere in the China Seas. In his absence his wife Myrna has submitted this installment.)

A potpourri of everpopular peculiarities and rarities of unrivaled notoriety from the scrapbooks of Mrs. Melville Moose, USDA, CT, PTA, and LSMFT. Mrs. Moose is recognized as one of the world's leading authorities on hamsters.

It was during our travels in the Scottish Highlands that I first became interested in legends. The first legend to tickle my fancy was the famous LOCH NESS MOOSE. It all began when my husband and his assistant were rowing across the fog-shrouded Loch Ness in search of some silly sea serpent. As I stood on the shore watching their boat disappear into the fogbank, I heard footsteps behind me. I turned and stood face-to-face with the LOCH NESS MOOSE. I realized immediately that all the stories I'd heard about him were true.

What a set of horns! What a proboscis! What a hunk of Moose! I was overwhelmed. He just swept me off my hoofs.

A little later, I was able to take a few snapshots of him before he once again vanished into the woods.

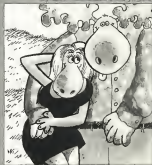


The vacationing Dr. Melville Moose, BN, APB, SOL, RCMP, and AWOL.



LEFT: Dr. Melville Moose and his assistant row off into the fog-shrouded waters of Loch Ness.

BELOW, LEFT and RIGHT: Two snapshots of the legendary Loch Ness Moose.



The snow-choked slopes of the majestic HIMALAYAS are said to be the home of the elusive ABOMINABLE SNOWMOOSE.

My husband headed an expedition into that area to seek out the legendary creature. At camp 6B, some 17,338 feet above sea level, on the morning of March 23, we awoke to find some things of interest in the snow outside my tent. It seems there had been a visitor in our midst during the night.

My husband never saw the Abominable Snowmoose in person but there was substantial evidence of his having been there.

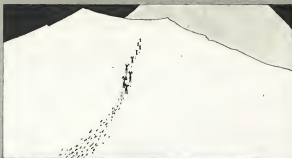
I don't think he's so abominable.

A seldom seen denizen of America's Pacific Northwest known as BIG NOSE is thought to be closely related to the Abominable Snowmoose.

One of the major literary myths is the FRANKENSLIME MOOSE depicted in a novel by Mary W. Moose.

The story relates the creation of a living Moose from the parts of old, dead Mooses. The experiment goes awry when the mad scientist accidentally transplants the brain of a highly intelligent Moose into the head of his creation.

Other legends of literature include such folkheroes as ROBIN MOOSE and his Merry Herds; SHERLOCK MOOSE, private eye; The INVISIBLE MOOSE; The PHANTOM OF NOTRE MOOSE; and GONAD THE RUFFIAN.



The expedition headed by Dr. Melville Moose.



Evidence in front of tent.



At the rear of the tent.



Boris Moosoff as the Frankenslime Moose.



Robin Moose.



Sherlock Moose.



The Invisible Moose.



The Phantom of Notre Moose.



Gonad the Ruffian.

While the existence of the Loch Ness Moose is tangible, other legends are a little more tenuous. A prime example of this is the WEREMOOSE.

Though I never had the good fortune to meet a Weremoose face to face, I was assured that several did indeed exist in the shadowed valleys and umbral hillsides of the CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS.

According to the tales of the old Gypsy women, the night of the full moon is the night of the Weremoose. It is then that the afflicted Moose takes on the characteristics of a wolf.

His animal instincts prevail and dominate all mental and physical functions. Carnal intensity runs rampant.

Hmmm! Sounds divine!

The only cure for the curse is to be killed by a silver bullet.

To the south, cradled in the cleavage of the MOOSYLVANIAN ALPS, lies the birthplace of the grand-daddy of all legends—the Province of WORLOCKIA, eternal resting place of the MOOSE OF DARKNESS.

The VAMPIRE MOOSE, a creature of the night that thrives on the blood of others; a Moose who is no longer living, yet is not dead. He just smells that way.

Legend has it that each night, as the sun sets safely beyond the horizon, the infamous COUNT MOOSULA rises out of his coffin and sets out in search of fresh blood.

In seeking new victims he often assumes the form of a bat or a wolf.



Left
From the 20th Century Moose film **I WAS A TEENAGE WEREMOOSE**, frames from the famous transformation scene, and from the final scene in which the creature is shot and cured by a Masked Moose known as the **LONE GRANGER**.



ABOVE: The Moose of Darkness.

BELOW: Two forms that Moosula can assume during his nocturnal missions.



Mythological kingdoms have intrigued Moosekind for ages. The lost lands of MOO and LEMOOSIA are not to be found on any contemporary map. Perhaps the most famous of all is the lost continent of ANTILERANTIS, said to have been located somewhere in the ANTILERANTIC OCEAN.

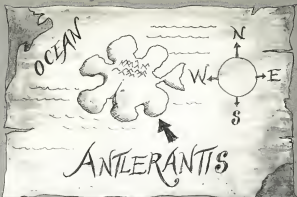
Speaking of water—a somewhat more frivolous myth is that of the MERMOOSE, a fabled marine creature having the upper parts of a Moose and the lower parts of a fish, or vice-versa.

There is no proof that this creature exists, but lots of sailors have told me that they have no doubts that it does.

The best known of the airborne myths is that of PEGAMOOS—the flying Moose.

Land, sea, or air, myths and legends abound all around the Earth. And according to another legend, our globe is held high in the heavens by yet another mythological character ANTLAS.

He can hold my glohes any time.



An old map pinpointing the location of the lost continent of Antlerantis.



A sailor's depiction of a Mermoose.



Pegamoos, the flying Moose.



LEFT: Antlas.

RIGHT: Mrs. Moose and an associate. "As I write this, authorities have still found no trace of my husband. Friends have consoled me as well as possible. We hope to hear something soon."



Take one perky, liberated woman-type mother, add two wiseacre, obnoxious daughters, stir in a building super who's a second-rate ladies' man, and one prying, meddlesome neighbor, and mix liberally with such topics as sex, drugs and violence . . . and the result is a post-Family Hour comedy that's about as funny as Jimmy Carter with an abscessed tooth. Of course we're talking about the socially relevant show that's so confusing from all this interplay, it should be called . . .

ONE DAZE AT A TIME

Hello, Miz Romano . . . It's me, your super Super, Drain Schnauzer! Just dropped in to mispronounce a few words, proposition you a couple of mes, make a nuisance of myself, and mainly . . . supply this show with some cheap, low-class, ethnic humor!

Don't bother me now! Can't you see I'm practicing my cute, adorable facial expressions? Gee . . . with me being so charming and lovable, it's hard to imagine where my horrible demented daughters come from!

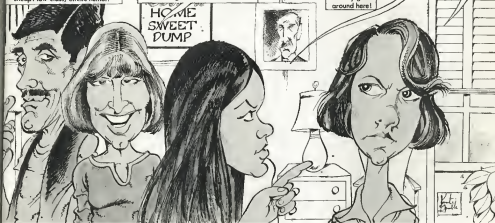
Speaking of your horrible, demented daughters . . . why are they fighting?

They're fighting? It's hard to notice with all the shouting and cursing that usually goes around here!

You stole my boy friend Phil . . . and my new Elton John record!

That's ridiculous! I don't even like Elton John!

HOME
SWEET
DUMP



Writer: Tom DeFolco

Artist: Kent Gamble

Barebra! Jewelry! Stop fighting this instant! If there's any fighting to do on this show, I'll do it! Mainly, fighting to keep being upstaged by you two hammy teenyboppers!



But, Mom . . . Jewelry's been hogging the show lately! Every week she has an average, relevant, post-Family Hour, sit-com-type problem like running away from home, becoming a religious fanatic, experimenting with sex, or picking up a terminal case of ring-around-the-collar!

Why do all the fun things happen to her? What's your complaint?

Shut up and go back to fighting!





JEWS WAS A GOOD GUY



I'm supposed to be taking out the garbage, Miz Romano . . . but maybe I can take you out instead?

Believe me Schnauzer . . . you'll make out better with the garbage! I just haven't got eyes for you!

So what? That's not the part of you I want!



Why won't you go out with me, Miz Romano? I'll have you know that women tear their hair out to go out with me!

So? Who wants to go out with bald-headed women?



Mom! Mom! Jewely's hogging the show again! She just decided to quit high school!

You never give me aggravation like that, Borebro! That's because you're a sweet kid. A lousy fink, but a sweet kid!



But, Jewely, if you quit school now you'll never get a good job! You'll be forced to accept low, degrading work like a dishwasher, a floor-sweeper, a politician, or worst of all . . . a writer for **CRAZY!**



ANNA NEEDED A CRITCH

Notice how Ann calmly solves every problem that comes her way? She has great mental control!

Yes . . . and on upper-cut to match!

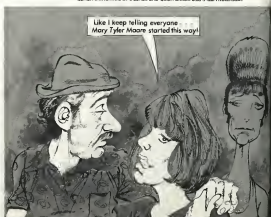
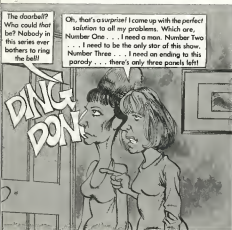


Ann's a better problem-solver than Henry the KI! Maybe we should send her to the Middle East!

To solve the Arab-Israeli conflict?

No . . . to give me a chance to star on this show!





ATTENTION! LITTLE RED HOOK HOOD THE STUFF IS AT GANNAPPA'S HOUSE

STREET GANG ILLUSTRATED

60¢
(unless
stolen first)

THE DESIGNATED VICTIM:
*How It Helped Boost Attendance
In Emergency Wards*

Little Leaguer Reveals:
*"I Wiped Out 6 Opponents
with My Tinker Toys!"*

Oldtimer Miller Muggins Proclaims:
*"The Brass Knuckles were Harder
in My Days."*

The 1974 Rumbles:
*Who's Favored to Win?
Predictions on all
107 Gangs.*



"Keep the kids out of school and put them on the streets."

It is our opinion that school is not cool. After all, juvenile delinquency is limited in the classroom. You can smoke in the bathrooms, write dirty words on the walls, and beat up 2nd Graders, but that's all? The street provides a much wider atmosphere for full creativity. Take for example, Jarvis Pembleton. Pembleton was frustrated in school. He had straight A's, and a scholarship to Harvard. But he wanted to be somebody, so he contacted us. We placed him in a special "beginners"

gang, and in 6 months, Pembleton was stealing hub-caps, knifing tourists, and setting small stores on fire. Best of all, Pembleton found out he had true art ability; drawing mustaches on many local election posters . . . Once just an ordinary student, Pembleton is presently wanted in 16 states, with a \$10,000 reward, and on April 2, the highlight of his career came: He made the F.B.I.'s ten most wanted list. Jarvis Pembleton got his wish; he is somebody, thanks to us . . .

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor—I tink yore magazeen is good. I like the pichchors. But sometimes youze use big woids, like "arm", "kick", and "the." I reached 5th grayde be-four I dropped out. Sum of your udder readers might not be so forthoonit as I. Please, more pichchors, and less big woids.

Yours truellie,
Ralph Waldo Broggio

Dear Editor—I agreed with last week's Editorial "Is Mondo Zuckayewski Washed Up?" I think you were right in saying the guy just doesn't have it any more. He hasn't killed or seriously injured anyone in the past 3 weeks. Zuckayewski is over the hill, and I'm glad your magazine noticed it.

Sincerely,
Terence Flosternann



Jarvis Pembleton
wet look

Dear Editor—Tanks for dat swell article on my idot; Chico Mineo. I realize I am not dee only kid what adores dis guy, but I wuz dere when Mineo trew a brick tru my old lady's kitchen window; and he pointed at the exact spot he was going to trow it et, before he trew it. What a super-



Jarvis Pembleton
the greasy look.

star! Where can I write him for an autographed brick?

Sincerely,
Bubba Letch

write: Chico Mineo
208553051
Municipal Jail
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Editor—You have 36 hours to live.

Sincerely,
Mondo Zuckayewski

Dear Editor—Some information, please, on that great new gang; "Nino end the Cat Kickers."

Thank you,
Shirley Smith



"Nino & The Cat-Kickers"—left to right—
Tad, Ricky, Moose, Nino, Dancer, Donner, Blitzen, Nelson

4 Nino Fabrezzio (formerly George O'Brien) formed his group from 12 guys who didn't make their high school football team and who were voted "Most likely to degenerate" in their class. Of the original 12, 9 remain (3 were run over by a stolen bulldozer in a local rumble). Last year, they tore down the house (literally) at Wally's Fish Market. They should be fighting at home, slum in the near future. Consult your local newspaper for the dates and times.

3 Inducted Into Hall of Fame

(UPI) Gang war greats Lester "Leather Les" McVea, Tyrone "Broccoli Breath" Brazziola, and Juan "The Slime" Jiminez were honored today at the Bedford-Stuyvesant Hall of Fame for Street Gang Derelicts and Tough Guys.

McVea, who was notorious for biting opponents in the armpit, (the infamous "McVea Munch") was choked up at the honor, and openly wept as he stabbed 3 school children.

Brazziola and Jiminez, old rivals in the Harlem Dumps (known as "the house that Jiminez built"), had not seen each other in 45 years, and immediately made obscene gestures towards each other. Brazziola kicked over Jiminez' crutches, and the 2 idols began wrestling on stage. Jiminez got in 3 good rights to the head before Brazziola broke his hearing aid and (cont. pg. 36)

Rule Changes Announced

Street gang commissioner Kuhn Bone today announced a list of rule changes devised to make street fighting more exciting to the fans. These included:

1. Absolutely no kneeling below the ankles.
2. Required time out after 10 quarts or more of blood is lost.
3. Absolutely NO bazookas or anti-aircraft guns permitted after 6 P.M.
4. Mandatory 8 count for dead gang members.

GURSTENGLOG PUT ON DISABLED LIST



"Black Vulture" Superstar Rudy Gurstenglog was placed on the 21 day disabled list today after sustaining severe flesh wounds, 212 broken bones, loss of 6 fingers, paralysis of the heart, and german measles during a scheduled six gang rumble on the lower east side. (Doctors said apparent brain damage was a false alarm, since Gurstenglog has been a moron from birth.)

The "Black Vulture" captain, whose superb switchblade handling lead his gang to a come-from-behind victory, was enraged at the decision, claimed he felt "fine" and brushed off rumors of his retirement. "I want to be traded," said Gurstenglog, "to a team that doesn't give a hoot about my injuries, like... the U.S. Army!"



Brazziola

The Stars Reveal Their Favorite Stadiums



above: left to right, 171st St. Stadium, 111th St. Stadium, Shey Stadium, Hospital Stadium

Gang members opinions vary on the types of stadiums they prefer to fight in.

"Give me good ol' concrete sidewalks, like Shay Stadium," said Desi Cardwell of the 'Garter Snakes,' "the heads bounce too high on that new asbestos turf they got."

Lefty McTish of the "Conquerors" disagreed, giving his vote of confidence to 171st Street's new asbestos turf, saying it was prettier and more accommodating to hopscolch.

There was a large group of hoods who preferred to fight at the new L.I. Expressway City Hospital Stadium, which happens to be the most popular stadium in the nation for street fighters...



above: Hundreds showed their support for the "Rebels" on annual Banner Day.

PROMOTION DAYS BRINGING IN THE FANS

In an effort to boost attendance at local street fights, promoters have offered the fans an assortment of "gimmick" days.

On the east side, support was shown for the 'local' "Rebels" on "Banner Day." Hundreds of banners were brought, with prizes being given for "most vulgar," "worst grammar" and "best banner to housestrain puppies on." All in all, it was a wonderful time for everyone.

The "Fruits of the Loom" held their annual "Zipgun" day, with fans receiving replicas of the weapons their heroes use, and in Coney Island, the "Steeplechasers" held a "Fan Participation Day", where followers of the gang could fight with them. This, however, proved to be a failure as the "Steeplechasers" lost 2/3 of all their fans in the process (cont. page 60)

Standings BLACK DIVISION

	W	L	*BUP	PCT
"MIGHTY EARWAX"	35	3	14	.955
"BLACK SWANS"	33	5	14	.941
"OFF-WHITE SWANS"	28	21	21	.800
"SHARKS"	16	16	16	.500
"JETS"	14	28	10	.013
a—"JOE'S BAR & GRILL"	2	30		.012
b—"FLAMING TARANTULAS"		2		-.006

a—Broken up by Police.

e—Thought this was a bowling league.

b—Forfeited after 2nd match due to lack of living members.

BLUE DIVISION

	W	L	*BUP	PCT
c—"GOLDEN CHICKEN LIVERS"	48	0	0	1.000
"HANG NAILS"	27	13	14	.706
d—"BUFFALO CHIPS"			117	.?
"MURRAY LANGSTON & HIS DANCING ZEBRA"	4	40	14	.214
"SATAN'S SONS"	0	50	7	.000
"SATAN'S NEPHEWS"	0	50	7	.000
g—"SATAN'S NEPHEW'S SONS"	0	50	7	.000

c—Clinched pennant on first day when they held major hostage.

d—Disqualified due to illegal use of napalm.

g—Won 3-way playoff for last place when 14 members went to gay lib meeting.

TOP TEN

	Killings	Flesh wounds	Crippled	Main injuries	Multiple Fractures	Violence Avg.
Brown, Roscoe	13	117	135	316	6	.520
The Hun, Attila	6	201	60	40	92	.506
Pigg, Porko	11	24	301	30	35	.468
Godzilla, Robert	25	13	10	100	41	.467
Robinson, Chuck	3	200	200	200	6	.433
Lobianca, Angelo	14	0	11	602	1	.420
Piranna, Jocko	36	3	4	5	60	.400
Hitter, Manuel	714	0	0	0	0	.395
Ripper, Jack	90	2	4	6	8	.345
Bull, Sitting	1	91	92	3	20	.329
P 3.1. (Ribcages Busted In)	Martinez 65, Jiminez 60, Gutierrez 49, Perez 47, Simonsez 43.					
E.R.A. (Eyebrows Ripped Apart)	Smith 117, Jones 111, Brown 93, Ravello-Gutenberg 17.					
H.R. (Homes Robbed)	Martinez 230, Allstate 150.					

At Your Souvenir Shop



Bubba Brando autographed switchblade—with genuine plastic handle signed by the "Purgatory's Angels" star we all know & love.

"Bubba" blade—\$3.99



Broken Glasses Bottles with Your Team's Insignia—guaranteed sharp broken glass bottles like the ones real gangsters use. Choose from 30 team insignias.

Broken Beer Bottle—\$4.99

Broken Coke Bottle—\$3.99

Radio Antennas for fun & enjoyment—stolen from neighborhood autos (without discrimination), radio antennas can be used to poke into midsection or whack across face. Comes in box of 36.

"Pain-tenna"—\$2.96



Street Gang Yearbooks—All the stats on your favorites. 300 photos (front & side shots) plus where the stars will be the next 10-20 years.

Yearbook—\$1.00

THE 1974 STREET FIGHTING ILLUSTRATED ALL-PRO TEAM



rock-thrower

Lou "The Skunk" Rizzo, Brooklyn "Bombers" possesses outstanding arm which won him CyYawn award this year when he led league in fractured skulls, concussions and broken windows.



place-kicker

Weird Willie Washington, Harlem "Vultures" has no equal at placing kicks, usually in the groin of enemy gang members. Set record of 45 ruptures in one rumble, May 4, 1973.



left creep

Francis "The Worm" Orsvjkyftbnu, North Bronx "Black Tunas." No one will ever forget that April twi-nighter when Orsvjkyftbnu hit opponent Norm Lasagniano in the head with a lead pipe while his back was turned.



clean-up

Tito "The Bandito" Gonzalez, South Brooklyn "Fish." Generally considered the fastest juvenile delinquent in the league, Gonzalez was the uncontested leader in stolen hubcaps with 101. And his record of 18 transistor radio thefts in one afternoon will probably never be broken.

Defensive line—

Efrem Zimbelus 111th Street "Rhinceros" affectionately known as "Walt," Zimbelus finally bloomed into the star many predicted he would be. Efrem has a classic swing with his bicycle chain, mortally wounding a record 36 opponents, and finishing with an astounding 617 injury inflicted average.



break-back

Rex "Rex" Feinbloom, Park Avenue "Jetsets." Only member of team who can afford an aluminum baseball bat, Feinbloom was responsible for loss of 6,355 enemy teeth in this, his rookie year. Feinbloom, characteristically, apologized to every face he ruined with his bat, earning him the "Lady Bang" sportsmanship award.



cutoff man

Judah Ben-Gay, Coney Island "Hell's Angels." possesses exceptional agility and quickness; most experts agree he has the finest wrists in the league. Ben-Gay went on a hot streak this year, collecting 68 toes, 4 hands, 307 ear lobes, and 14 junkies.



primary mutilator

Wayne "Cemetery" Gwadiczik, 7th Avenue Subway "Snails." Perhaps highest paid performer in gang war history (after robbing 3 banks), Gwadiczik uses no switchblades, bats or chains, preferring instead to beat opponents senseless with fire hydrants. Was named M.V.P. (maliciously violentest poysen) in league for fifth straight year after he threatened to kill judges.



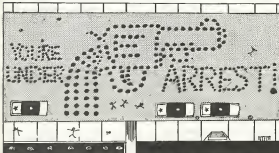
GANG WAR CHAMPIONSHIP HIGHLIGHTS-1974



YOU GOTTA HAVE A HEART—
"Chicken Liver" back Max Ovblik makes key interception of a knife in 1st period.



BETWEEN MATCH BREAK—Opposing Captains Flunt and Erlichman take time out from killing each other to playfully mug a 91 year old grandmother



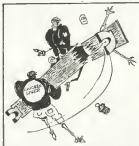
HALFTIME entertainment was supplied by the 102 precinct police dept. who did marching formations to the tune of "Jailhouse Rock."



THE BOMB—"Earwax" Star "Roach" Williamson hits opponent with a 75 yard pass of a stick of dynamite.



KEY PLAY—Diagram of last-minute rumble which won series for the Chicken Livers. "X" to far right represents Chico "The Chicken" Sanchez.



BENCH STRENGTH—"I said the team with the strongest bench would win this," said Coach O'Brien. "Heck, ours was solid oak, their's was only plywood."



THE WINNERS—Triumphant gang members follow tradition and carry opposing coach off on their shoulders!!!!



Let's face it — games like MONOPOLY are old hat! I mean, who do you know who would really like to be a slumlord and own houses and hotels on Baltic Avenue or even St. Charles place? And — c'mon now — who among us could ever really afford to buy Park Place? No, what we need are more modern games — games that have something to do with such modern-day concepts as hanging out at the local shopping mall. What we need are games like...

MALL-OPOLY™

Writer: Steve Skeates

Artist: Ron Zalme



HISTORY OF THE GAME

One day in 1973, Joe Jakoozzi, a teenager from Nowhere, New Jersey, unable to afford a bus ride to the local shopping mall, decided to hang out in the center of town instead, in front of a men's clothing store called **HIS PANTS**. Joe should never have left the house at all that day; he was suffering from a high fever and was even hallucinating. At one point, in fact, Joe thought he saw a chicken with a loaded .45 standing on the other side of the street. This hallucination caused Joe to formulate what he considered to be "the greatest and funniest riddle ever conceived by the mind of mortal man." Later that same day, when he ran into his friend Hector, Joe tried out this riddle by asking Hector, "Why did the chicken cross the road?"

When Hector could come up with no answer, Joe shouted triumphantly, "To hold **HIS PANTS** up!" Hector didn't get the joke, but that didn't stop Joe. Besides liking to hang out at the shopping mall, Joe had always wanted to own a grocery store, a barber shop, a laundromat and a dress shop (sometimes Joe could be rather weird). And, it was because of all of these desires that Joe decided to create his own shopping mall, a mall where he could virtually hang out forever. The end-product of all this foolishness was, of course, the game **MALL-OPOLY**, a game Joe felt to be the perfect pastime for the seventies. Unfortunately, by the time Joe finished making up the game, it was already the eighties. But you can't win 'em all.

DIRECTIONS

1. Carefully remove the game board (found on the inside front and back covers) from the rest of the megazine. Then, cut out and assemble the cards, the figures, the money, the Wheel of Karma and Weltschmerz, the Pointer of No Return, and the dice, as found on the next couple of pages.



2. Each player receives, as his highly limited bank roll, five dollars in MALLOPOLY money, which he must try very hard not to spend too freely.



3. The players move their figures around the board in a clockwise fashion starting at the ENTRANCE.



4. Each player in turn rolls the dice, then multiplies the number shown on the dice by 6, then adds 7 to that number, subtracts 3 from that number, adds the original number (still shown on the dice, dummy) to that number, then adds 4 to that number, subtracts 8 from that number, and divides that number by 7. This will tell you how many spaces you are to move your figure forward.



5. When a player lands on a SCRAWLMARK card shop or the GROCERY STORE, he must spin the POINTER OF NO RETURN as found upon the WHEEL OF KARMA AND WELTSCHMERZ in order to determine from which pile of cards he is to pick.



6. A player who is broke or even in debt may stay in the game as long as a player with money doesn't land on the same space he occupies. Once a player with money lands on the space he occupies, the broke player is automatically shamed out of the game.



7. If a player lands on NAVY RECRUITING and does not possess a 4-F card, he will be able to join the Navy and therefore will have to leave the game. Similarly, if he possesses the PASSPORT card and lands on the TRAVEL AGENCY, he will be able to leave the country and therefore he'll also be out of the game. However, if, while you possess the PASSPORT card, you draw the LOSE PASSPORT card, you will be able to place the PASSPORT card, as well as the LOSE PASSPORT card, back into the deck, so that some other sucker will have to go through all of this at some later point in the game.



8. The person who gets to hang out at the mall the longest is, of course, the winner.



CHAMPIONSHIP PLAY!

Earlier this year, three teenagers from suburban Rochester in beautiful New York state played one game of MALL-OPOLY for eighteen days straight without even breaking for lunch. Others in other states have been known to play this game until the cows came home. Have at it!



ATTENTION:

Yes, please pay strict attention. This is crucial.

It is extremely important that you read the following directions over several times before trying to follow them, because, once you start following them, you won't be able to read them again, mainly because, by then, they'll no longer be intact; they'll be cut up into so many little pieces.

As a matter of fact, perhaps it would be best if you would completely memorize the following instructions rather than simply reading them over. Otherwise, knowing you, you'll probably blow the whole thing — cut the heads off the figures or cut the **WHEEL OF KARMA AND WELTSCHMERZ** up into four equal parts or something supremely dumb like that.

Okay?

Now, here's what you're supposed to do:

First, cut this page out of the magazine, then slap some paste or glue to this side of the page and stick it onto a piece of cardboard.

No, don't do it yet! Wait until after you've finished reading and memorizing these directions, you dummy!

Now, once you've finished pasting this page onto a piece of cardboard, carefully cut out the figures, the **WHEEL OF KARMA AND WELTSCHMERZ**, the **POINTER OF NO RETURN** and the dice.

Then, fold the stands of the figures along the dotted lines. That way the figures will be able to stand.

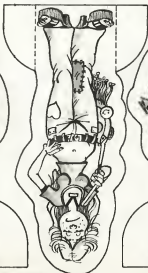
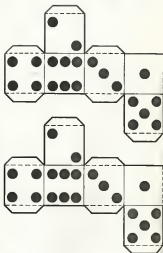
As for the dice, put some paste or glue upon the little tabs, then fold everything you can get your hands on until you come up with two cute little cubes.

Finally, stick a pin through the **POINTER OF NO RETURN** and the **WHEEL OF KARMA AND WELTSCHMERZ** so that the **POINTER** spins around on top of the **WHEEL**. And that's it. Got it? No? Well, then, let's go over it again:

First, cut this page out of the magazine, then slap some paste or glue to this side of the page and stick it onto a piece of cardboard. Now, once you've finished pasting the page onto a piece of cardboard....



Glue, paste or nail this page to a piece of cardboard. Then, cut out the figures and the dice, and fold to stand or throw, depending. No, no, you fool — you throw the dice, not the figures. Grow up, will ya!



You're having an anxiety attack. Quick, rush to the drug store and spend a lot of money!

(2 DOLLARS)



You're feeling sick.
GO TO THE **ENTRANCE**
FOR A BREATH OF
FRESH AIR.



You pass out from hunger.
Lose seven turns,
then crawl to
McRonaldo's.



GO
HANG OUT
AT THE
CHEESE STORE.



You stop to comb
your hair.
LOSE FIVE TURNS
in order to get it
perfect.

Lose one turn as
you stop to
wonder why your
life is so mean-
ingless.



Did you have a
PASSPORT?
WELL, YOU DON'T
ANYMORE.
YOU JUST LOST IT!



You can't stand looking at this stupid
shop one second longer.
**ADVANCE RAPIDLY 34
SPACES.**

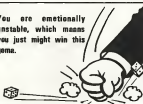


Lose two turns as
you stop to
wonder why your
life is so pathetic.

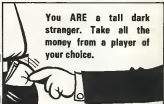


You will meet a tall
dark stranger who
will steal all your
money. Tough luck,
fella.

You are emotionally
unstable, which means
you just might win this
game.



You **ARE** a tall dark
stranger. Take all the
money from a player of
your choice.



Go to the barber shop
for a trim. Get hair
down the back of your
shirt and spend **TWO
DOLLARS.**



Go hang out at the
HAIRDRESSERS.



You have been
declared 4-F for no
good reason at all.
But who's com-
plaining?



Don't you wish you were playing
some other game. Well, you're not.
**SO, LOSE
ONE DOLLAR.**



The Plaza Police are after you.
Hide in the
STORE FOR RENT.



In the midst of an identity
crisis, you decide to go to
the **GROCERY STORE.**



Desperation



Desperation



Desperation



Desperation



Desperation



Desperation



Desperation



Desperation



Desperation



Desperation



Desperation



Desperation



Desperation



Desperation



Desperation



Desperation



Desperation



Desperation



This is **UNBELIEVABLE!** The Bank is giving away free money. Rush there and get five dollars. (But don't withdraw the three).



You've been declared **4-F** because of your limp.

IT'S IN YOUR WRIST.



You're getting sick of hanging out at this same mall day after day after day. But just think what the people here must think of **YOU!**



Go hang out at the **PIZZA PARLOR.**



Punch the player of your choice in the eye and send him to the **OPTOMETRIST.**



Go hang out at the **DRESS SHOP.**



Threaten the person to your right with violence so he'll give you **TWO DOLLARS.** If he doesn't have it, **sulk!**



Go hang out at the **CARPET STORE.**



Go to the **MOVIE THEATRE** and snack in without paying.



Your father has just paid off all your debts and given you **FIVE DOLLARS** besides and you don't even appreciate it!

You're so depressed you don't know if you can go on.

LOSE ONE TURN.



Pretend this card is something important by **HIOING** it from the other players.



Go hang out at the **POOL HALL.**

Since there is no pool hall in this mall, that means you're out of the game.



Go to **McDONALD'S**, buy a hamburger, and eat it!



Go hang out at the **ENTRANCE.** You won't have to buy anything there.



Beg, cry and generally make a fool of yourself, so that the person to your right will lend you **TWO DOLLARS.**



Go ahead 3 spaces, back 2, ahead 3, back 4. Now, wasn't that fun?



Don't forget to call your mother and tell her you'll be home late.



Ennui



Ennui



Ennui



Ennui



Ennui



Ennui



Ennui



Ennui



Ennui



Ennui



Ennui



Ennui



Ennui



Ennui



Ennui



Ennui



Ennui



Ennui



Go hang out at the
**DISCOUNT
STORE.**



The manager of this
shop hates your guts.
**ADVANCE
RAPIDLY
12
SPACES.**



Go hang out
at the
**PLANT
STORE.**



You have been declared 4-F because
of your breath.
**BOY, ARE YOU
DISGUSTING!**



You can't afford to eat at
**LE CAFE
EXPENSIVE.**
So, don't go there.



Go hang yourself
at the
TIE STORE.



Go hang out at
McRONALD'S



Somebody punched you in the eye.
**GO TO THE
OPTOMETRIST.**



You never really grew
up, did you? Okay,
then, go to the
**TOY STORE,
IF THAT'S YOUR
SPEED.**



You're tired of hav-
ing perfect hearing.
Go directly to the
**STEREO
SHOP.**



Go hang out at the
**CANDY
STORE.**



Go hang out at
HIS PANTS.
(THERE'S A JOKE
HERE SOMEWHERE)



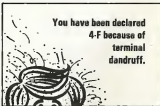
Go hang out at the
HAIRDRESSERS.



You found two dollars lying on the
floor. **POCKET IT.**



You have been declared
4-F because of
terminal
dandruff.



This is your
PASSPORT.
UH-OH! NOW
YOU'RE IN
TROUBLE!



You lost your cigar-
ettes. Go back to the
drug store, and spend
ONE DOLLAR.



Go hang out at the
KARATE ACADEMY
AND GET A BITE
TO EAT.



Boredom



Boredom



Boredom



Boredom



Boredom



Boredom



Boredom



Boredom



Boredom



Boredom



Boredom



Boredom



Boredom



Boredom



Boredom



Boredom



Boredom



Boredom



You lost your PASS-
PORT. You lucky devil,
you. Now you can hang
out here FOREVER.



You FOOL! You lost
all your money except
for the DOLLAR in
your shoe.



FREE PASS to the
movies. Saves you
three dollars when
eod if you lead there.



Go hang out at the
LAUNOROMAT.



Your face has broken out. Go
to the DRUG
STORE for zit
medicine. Spend
ONE DOLLAR.



Go to the leas-
dromet ead
hang out there
longer thea
usual (six
turns).



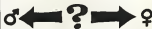
Go to the
STORE FOR
RENT.

Teko someone with
you. Aad leae
twelve turas. Both
of you.



You just found a
wallet lying on
the floor. Unfor-
tunately, it's
empty.

If you're male, go back three spaces.
If you're female, go ahead three
spaces. If you're unsure, stay where
you are.



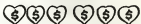
Your pockets are
feeling empty. Go
directly to the
BANK.



BUM A BUCK FROM THE
PERSON ON YOUR LEFT.



You just picked up someone. That
means the next time you go to the
movies, you'll have to pay six in-
stead of three dollars.



You lost your comb.
Not that that means
you have to do any-
thing, but don't you
feel foolish.



Go to the
LE CAFE
EXPENSIVE,
AND IGNORE WHAT
IT SAYS TO DO.



BUM A BUCK FROM THE
PERSON ON YOUR LEFT.



Your hair's a mess!
Why don't you go
hang out at the PET
STORE.



Don't ever
lose that
SMILE!



There has been a
DEATH in your
family. Reflect
upon this for ONE
TURN. Then get
back to hanging
out.



Futility



Futility



Futility



Futility



Futility



Futility



Futility



Futility



Futility



Futility



Futility



Futility



Futility



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Futility



Futility



Futility



Futility











LEE HO FOOK'S
karate academy and restaurant

(Spend two bucks lose two turns)

PUKEY'S PIZZA

(Spend one dollar; lose one turn)

SCRAWL MARK
Card Shop

Pick a Card

SMELLY'S PET SHOP

(Heavy hang out; lose two turns)

HANG IT UP

(Buy a tie to blow nose on; spend two dollars)

NAVY RECRUITING

OPOLY™

DESPERATION

BOREDOM

FLIT'S FLIP AND CURL

Hairstylists

DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER

Jewelry Store

JOE'S DRESS SHOP

"Shop at Joe's; he always knows."

SCRAWL MARK
Card Shop

Pick a Card

FLY BY NIGHT

Travel Agency

CHEESY STUFF

Discount Store

SALE 1/2 OFF!

(Spend two dollars)

LEE HO FOOK'S

Employment Agency

DAILY PLANT IT

Plant Store

JOE'S GROCERY

"Shop at Joe's; he always knows."

TIMELY THEATRE

(Spend three dollars; lose three turns)

THIRD NATIONAL SAVINGS, LOAN AND GRILL
(withdrew three dollars)

COMMERCIALS THAT DRIVE YOU CRAZY NO. 9

CHARMING Tissues





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